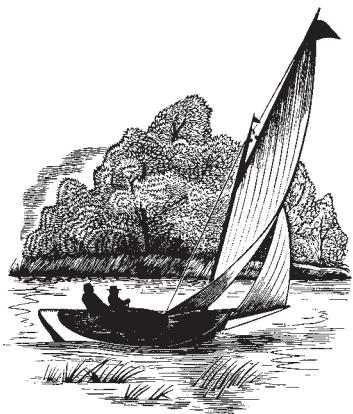


**Special Features This Issue**  
“WoodenBoat Show Returns to Mystic Seaport”,  
“The BEER Run” – “No Octane Regatta”,  
“On the Norfolk Broads”



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 25 – Number 8

September 1, 2007



**messing  
about in  
BOATS**  
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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The 17th *WoodenBoat* Show took place the end of June at Mystic Seaport Museum in Mystic, Connecticut, and we spent a day there to see what there was to see and also to attend the Phil Bolger Tribute Dinner. My reports on both are featured in this issue.

My connection with this event goes back beyond *WoodenBoat* magazine's involvement as organizer/promoter, which began in 1990, for there was an earlier Wooden Boat Show at the Newport Yacht Center in Newport, Rhode Island, and I was there at the very first one in 1982, full of excited anticipation of taking part in it as a volunteer working at a booth the organizers had offered the Peabody Museum of Salem, Massachusetts, our local maritime museum.

In 1980 I had organized a local traditional small craft club on our Massachusetts North Shore and secured support from the museum in the form of a meeting place for us. I had only just gotten into sailing in 1978 and soon found that traditional small craft really attracted me, so I was off and running to see what could be done in my area to enhance the experience by sharing it with like-minded others. I was then in the final years (35 of them!) of my earlier total involvement with motorcycle sport as a participant, editor/publisher, and event organizer and was looking for something new to replace it.

I do not recall what prompted the Newport Yachting Center to promote a wooden boat show, but I was all for it. That weekend flew by for me in the midst of so many wonderful small boats (not all that many, actually, but it seemed so to me at the time). By the following year my energy and drive for something new had resulted in our launching *Messing About in Boats* and we were back at Newport in 1983, now as an exhibitor in our own right looking for readers and advertisers.

We had no money so we made a trade with the Show for space for advertising. We put a lot of effort into making backdrop panels for our booth on which we hung enlarged photocopies of our covers to date (eight as I recall) to catch the attention of the passing

throngs. Because the show was still in its early years it was renting space to anyone interested in a captive audience, and so we spent three days next to the Hammond Organ guy listening to the same old (loud) tunes over and over again. It was better than being alongside the Saladmaster guy who always drew a big crowd, completely blocking access to the adjacent exhibitors.

Since those exciting early years we've been at a lot of boat shows, Wooden Boat Show, Small Boat Show, Maine Boat-builders' Show, for many years as exhibitors still chasing readers and advertisers. Returns in the form of new subscribers and advertisers never justified this involvement in business terms but we did get to see many who had become loyal readers and advertisers over those years. In the new millennium we decide to forgo such total immersion and ease back to one-day visits so I could play boy reporter for the magazine and say hello to the growing number of interesting people we had come to know in this game.

Mystic Seaport also had a real grip on me in those earlier years, we made annual visits (nearly every year from 1980 through 2007) to the Traditional Small Craft Workshop each June, and on the earlier visits often revisited favorite exhibits. Gradually the thrill faded, as it has with the boat shows. Oh to be able to sustain those early years of enthusiasm for whatever it is that grabs us!

So this June as we roamed the *WoodenBoat* Show it was more like a day at work, enjoyable and interesting work, but still the major focus was on gathering material for a report for the magazine. As I chatted with several of the new hopeful boat builders I could not help but recall how I have a number of times experienced that excitement about the future potential of each of the enthusiasms driving my life. As I listened to each of them discuss their efforts I realized that they have yet to realize their dreams while we have achieved ours several times over. Which all causes me to contemplate how somehow anticipation of a dream seems to generate more excitement in life than its ultimate achievement does.

## On the Cover...

The No Octane Regatta returned to New York's Adirondacks after a year's hiatus and reader Chuck Raynor was there to record the goings on to share with us in this issue.



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## Activities & Events...

### Steamer Day at Essex Shipbuilding Museum

On Saturday, October 13, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum of Essex, Massachusetts, will be hosting a gathering of steam engines, model steam engines, and a few steamboats that would like to run in the Essex River. The Essex River is brackish, so that boat engines need to be condensing.

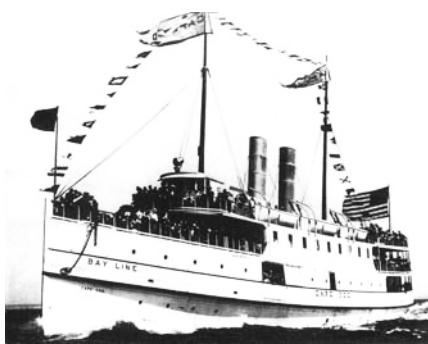
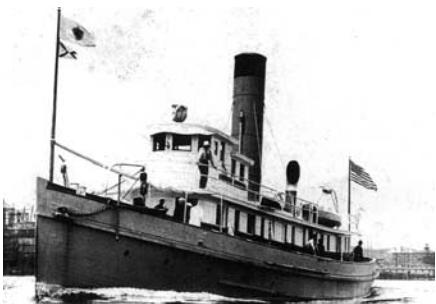
Steam was a part of Essex history. Many of the donkey engines found on the sailing schooners were steam driven. Steam screw boats were also built in Essex such as the *Rollin E. Mason*, built in 1911, her length was 155.6' and 323 gross tons. The steam screw *Walrus* was built in 1917, 173' in length and 479 gross tons. The steam screw *Lexington*, a Massachusetts State Police patrol boat, was 122'. Many steam tugboats such as the *Mariner*, were built in Essex, as well as passenger steamers such as the *Cape Cod*, 165' on deck and 557 gross tons.

The band saw which cut out the frames for the ships at Story's Yard was also steam driven. All in all, over 4,000 wooden vessels have been launched in Essex. There is a lot of history here to be shared.

Exhibitors will be welcome to tour the Museum and will receive two complimentary passes to sail on the 65' schooner *Thomas B. Lannon* which is berthed in nearby Gloucester and was built by Harold Burnham at the museum yard in Essex. Tom Ellis is the Captain of the *Thomas B. Lannon* and also President of the Essex Shipbuilding museum. Obviously the guest passes will need to be used on some other date, arranged with Capt Ellis. There are no fees for exhibitors.

Your attendance would make a great addition to this steam gathering. Please contact me and let me know if you will be an exhibitor. If you know another exhibitor who would like to come, please let me know. My address is Edwin M. Howard, 136 Main St., Essex, MA 01929, telephone (978) 768-7282, email [Howardsantiques@yahoo.com](mailto:Howardsantiques@yahoo.com).

Edwin M. Howard, Essex,



## Adventures & Experiences...

### MAIB Readers Comprised Our Party

In late June I was off again canoeing in Canada, this time on the Patapedia River in Quebec where four *MAIB* readers comprised our party: Hendrick Browne, Tom McKinley, and Angus Faust had read my Restigouche article which prompted their interest in joining me.

Raphael Soucy and Gilles St. Laurent of Arpin Restigouche were our guides. We had a wonderful time and I am writing up the trip for publication later.

Dick Winslow, Rye, NH

### Potomac River Adventures

I was particularly interested in two recent issues of *Chesapeake Bay Magazine* that contained a serialized article, "This was, and is, Potomac River" by Jody Argo Schroat because I sailed there with Skipper Fred Tilp's Sea Scouts in the early '50s. We had two 19' Lightnings, a typical bay skiff, a Chesapeake 18 sailing skiff, and a 40' loa skipjack (27' lwl). Arthur Godfrey donated one Lightning and wanted to give us a J-boat. Tilp thought that it would be a little big for kids to sail in the Washington area.

As it was, it seemed as if we cleaned off Haines Point with the Skipjack's big bowsprit whenever we came about. We cruised in all the sailboats. I spent two weeks with another scout in a Lightning with two others along in the other boat sleeping under boom tents. One exciting point was the night a hurricane went through the area. We had no knowledge beforehand that it was around. We had pulled into the small boat basin at the Naval Powder Plant, Indian Head, Maryland, and the sailors on the yard boat invited us to sleep aboard their boat. We never felt or heard anything but the sailors had a fit securing the other small boats in the basin. Of course, ours were well secured. Our parents were very relieved to hear from us the next morning.

Dick Malone, Dexter, NY

### A Very Fortunate Man

Mr. Pardoe ("All the Boats and the Boathouse", July 1), you have been a very fortunate man! I do sympathize with you for having lost the island to all the rich fat cats, none of whom will probably appreciate the history of your family island. But at 89 your story reads as a life well lived with an island paradise most of us could only dream of. When I looked at the photo of the inside of

the boathouse, I instantly had a feel of the place and could imagine the smells of water and wood, and this was before I turned the page and read about Ed Skinner's reaction.

This brought a flood of memories of my own family and all the wonderful boating/ camping trips with my parents and my uncles. My mother and one uncle are still alive, but at 86 and 87, like you, they can only wish they could still do the things they used to. I feel myself very fortunate, also, being brought up in a family that loved the outdoors and being on the water. I was only four weeks old the first time I was in a boat, on the Gunflint Trail in northeastern Minnesota, what is now the Boundary Water Wilderness Canoe Area. Boating, including having built seven boats (so far) is still one of the most important pastimes in my life. Thank you for sharing with us. Cherish your memories!

Bob Slimak, Duluth, MN

### Sailing the Central California Coast

Keep up the good work, *MAIB* continues to be read and shared here on the central California coast.

I miss New England but enjoy sailing my 12' San Francisco Pelican quite often, 12 days in June, and crewing on a Wharram catamaran for three days. I'm heading to San Diego for five days of sailing in August with a messabout society.

Jack Moore, Los Osos, CA

### Summer of '52

Here is a photo of "messing about in boats" on the upper Thames River in England in the summer of '52.

Philip Thiel, Seattle, WA



## Information of Interest...

### Fascinating Seabird

The most fascinating seabird we have here in the summer is the black skimmer. The adult bird has a lower bill longer than the upper bill. They fly right above the surface of tidal pools dipping the lower bill just below the surface to scoop up marine life in that top fraction of an inch.

The skimmers nest on the barrier island opposite the entrance to Pages Creek, so I see a lot of them while they are here in the summer. They range as far north as Massachusetts and have been sighted farther north in Nova Scotia when blown there by hurricanes.

I wondered how they taught the young birds to feed and if they ever stubbed their beaks on the bottom. Robb White didn't have an answer when I wrote him. Recently I asked the question of Jim Parnell, retired professor of ornithology at LJNC-Wilmington under whose direction my late beloved wrote her published paper, "Winter

Birds of Pages Creek," illustrated with her watercolors of the various species.

Jim answered that the skill is hardwired into the skimmers' brains and that he has seen birds hit their beaks on the bottom. Come to think of it, this must be true of all birds. I've never seen an osprey flub his dive into the water and be unable to fly away. Same goes for terns. I have seen cormorants get in trouble from staying in the water long enough to soak their non-waterproof wings and have to scramble out to dry off.

Back in the '30s when the first surfactants were developed, the manufacturer demonstrated their effectiveness in trade show exhibits by having a duck swimming in an aquarium. Minutes after a few drops of the surfactant were added the duck would flounder and sink.

Thanks to Dale Chapman for sending 100 early issues of *MAIB* to the New Hanover County Public Library. The issues that duplicated ones I had already given them, including the ones you had kindly sent me, have gone on to Henri Kovar in Mississippi to be given to a new boat building museum in Alexandria, Minnesota, his home country.

Smooth Sailing!

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

#### Boats for Sale Venue

I notice some readers asking for info on boats for sale venues. They might try [www.craigslist.com](http://www.craigslist.com), a sort of internet flea market broken down by city and state. It does have a boats category. I live in northeastern Pennsylvania, but if one clicks on Maryland, then Eastern Shore, a large listing of boats for sale appears.

Jim Folles, Bethlehem, PA

#### Opinions...

##### Not Convinced

I have managed to peel myself up off the floor long enough to pen a response to Dave Carnell's letter concerning global warming, or the lack thereof, in the July 1 issue. Referencing one ecological holocaust (the dust bowl) in order to cast aspersions upon another predicted ecological holocaust (global warming) doesn't work very well as a convincing argument for me.

Prior to the dust bowl there were probably a million people running amok over the Great Plains, farming the place to death, and you can be sure the same viewpoint as Dave expresses was heaped upon anyone who tried to point out that it would end in tears.

When the dust bowl brought this heedlessness to a sudden and dramatic end it was everybody's fault except the folks doing the damage. And, of course, human activity had nothing, NOTHING, to do with the disaster.

Brian Salzano, East Patchogue, NY

##### Worth Rescuing

In your Commentary in the July 1 issue you suggest that society financially subsidizes the activities of a minority by paying for rescues at sea. You point out that these rescues at sea are often more expensive than the more routine shoreside emergencies and are often conducted at great risk to the rescuers. This is true, and it is unfortunate that society gets stuck with the tab for rescue operations which could have been avoided with the

application of a little common sense. Every year brings forth stories of such ill-fated voyages. Some farmer in Iowa may reasonably ask why the government is sending USCG ships and helicopters after a damned fool who left for another continent in a leaky rowboat.

The farmer is right to ask, but focusing on these cases of extreme folly can give a distorted view of who the fools really are, where and how they get into trouble, and who is rescuing them. Your commentary prompted me to do a little digging through the statistical abstracts available in the USCG web site. Although I did not find statistics for Search and Rescue (SAR) missions, I did find fatality and injury statistics derived from USCG recreational boating accident forms. So who is doing most of the stupid stuff in boats? It isn't crackpots rowing across the Atlantic. No, my friends, it is us. Well, maybe not "us" as in "you and I," but certainly our friends, relatives, and neighbors.

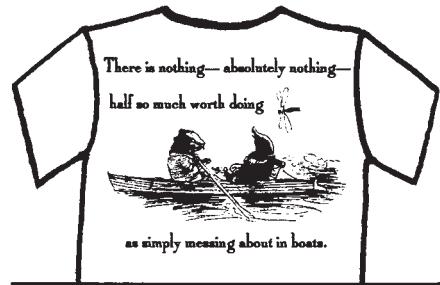
Consider this fictional illustration: A guy (we will call him Joe) lives near a lake in a land-locked state. He has an older, open fiberglass boat with a 130hp motor. Joe has had about 200 hours of boating experience and has never had a boating safety course of any kind. One clear Saturday in July he decides to go water skiing with his family. They stop for a case of beer on the way to the lake. After an afternoon of drinking Joe is steering while facing backwards to watch the skier. They collide with a couple on a jet ski, killing the operator and badly slashing the passenger with the prop. The town fire department responds with their rescue boat and picks up the pieces. I made this story up to illustrate the point, but nearly every element comes directly from the statistics. Similar stories play out over and over.

The statistics also show the sheer number of boats that there are in this country. In 2005 there were nearly 13 million boats registered. In round numbers that is about one boat for every 22 people. Granted, this ratio would vary by region but it does illustrate the popularity of boating. It isn't just a few oddballs with a peculiar hobby, it is people everywhere. And if we believe, as a society, that it is worth helping people in trouble, it really isn't possible to write off this group and say that they just aren't worth rescuing.

It is also worth noting that many water rescues do not involve boaters. For example, a car goes off a bridge, or someone is stranded by a flood, or a ferry boat sinks, or a plane ditches at sea. The fact is that almost anyone stands a chance of benefiting from water rescue services, either directly or indirectly. And it is also a fact that boaters are already paying for the availability of these services in the form of taxes and fees. Is the apportionment fair? I think it probably is.

One final point, derived from my somewhat limited search and rescue work in the USCG years ago, if we as a society decide it is worth it to rescue mariners in trouble then we must be committed 100 percent. Either we are in it all the way or we are out. From an operational standpoint it is not workable to say that we will only rescue commercial mariners, or not yachters, or that we will rescue on lakes and rivers but not oceans, and so on. The only hard and fast limits should be the operational ranges of the equipment. The on-scene commander has enough to think about without playing god and without deciding who is a fool and who isn't.

Kris Pennisten, Swansea, MA



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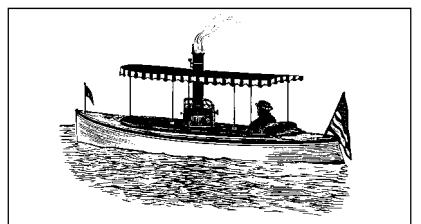
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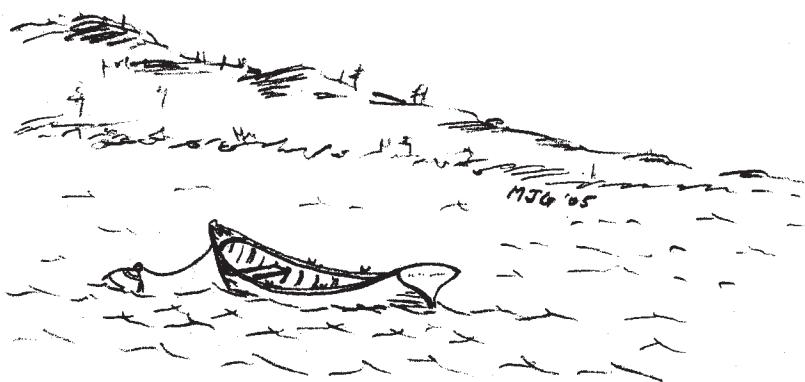
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## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

It's frustrating not having my boat in the water. June has arrived, summer approaches, and poor *MoonWind* sits, disgruntled, on her poppets and reproaches me for my obvious lack of concern. "Boats belong in the water," she complains, "not propped up here on this knoll looking out at the harbor."

I meant to be kind but so much work remains. This spring I had her bottom sandblasted. After loving her for a year and a half I got to see what she looks like totally bare. Quite healthy and graceful for a slim young thing just turning 35. Her hull appeared sound, even the leading edge and bottom of her keel. A few small chips in her gel coat but no evidence of her having climbed any reefs.

Her worst affliction proved a multitude of tiny blisters. Sandblasting left thousands of pocks, she resembled a target attacked with #6 shot. These I troweled flush with epoxy filler, sanded fair, then troweled and faired again. Next I applied barrier coat, a thinner epoxy the consistency of honey. After two coats the finish appeared lumpy. This I blamed on the roller even though it had a close nap and was recommended for bottom paint and resin. Two afternoons with an orbital sander made it smooth again, also more fair. I applied a final two barrier coats with smoother rollers made of fine, fine sponge.

Meanwhile I had her rudder off to inspect what seemed to be serious cracks around the base of the shaft. This entailed removing the rudder head, digging a hole beneath the rudder, removing the stainless bearing housing from the base of her skeg, and dropping the rudder into the hole until the rudderpost cleared the hull. Miraculously the three slotted, flat-headed bolts consented to back out of the housing with minimal effort.

Of course, the hole was 2" too shallow and several inches too narrow on the first try. I needed to hoist the rudder back up and block it with a short beam that bridged the hole. I discovered how heavy my rudder was. I couldn't hold it up with one hand while I inserted blocking. I needed to use a lever, then block the lever, then block the rudder. I had to dig out the rest of that hole, which was mostly stones, with a trowel as there wasn't any room to use a shovel. Eventually I prevailed.

It appeared the water had migrated up the shaft and followed the lowest cross pin most of its length across the width of the rudder. I opted for invasive surgery. I took a long

reciprocating saw and cut a trapezoidal wedge 8" high and 10" wide around the rudderpost. The last foot of this stainless steel shaft then resembled a fleshless bone. I scored it with #50 grit paper and replaced the cross pin with a length of stainless rod secured with nuts.

My rudder had no core, only solid resin. I ground the cut edges  $\frac{1}{8}$ " deep and faired them back about 4" on each side. On one side I laid a piece of matting large enough to bridge the ground out area and bonded it with vinylester resin. Matting first to provide a stronger initial bond, as the matting lies flatter than cloth, providing more surface. Next a layer of cloth, which provides more transverse strength. I laid up only a couple of layers on the first side to bridge the gap and keep the filler in place.

After my bridge cured I flipped the rudder over and began to fill the huge gap with vinylester compound mixed with chopped fiber. Small batches prove better as the pot life is fairly short and thorough mixing is imperative. Every  $\frac{1}{2}$ " or so in depth the filler must be allowed to cure completely, otherwise the heat from the chemical reaction, if trapped deeply, can cause cracking. My rudder was over 3" thick at center.

After using well over a gallon of filler I'd brought the repair within  $\frac{1}{4}$ " of the original surface and built up the leading edge around the rudderpost. I bonded the first layer of matting straight into the final layer of filler before the latter cured. I wrapped fabric around the rudderpost as well, adding layers until the repair was just proud of the original. I flipped the rudder over and built up the other surface. I ground away the excess fiber and resin and checked fairness with a batten. I continued to fill and sand fair for most of a day. Then I sanded down the entire rudder. I applied four layers of barrier coat epoxy, two at a time, sanding gently between them with #220 paper. I then rolled on two layers of gel coat, sanded them smooth, then applied four coats of bottom paint.

With the help of a friend, I hoisted the 90lb rudder into place. One of us held it up as the other secured the lower bearing bracket to the skeg.

This entire process took most of a week of filthy, intensive labor. Had I known how much work was involved I would have opted to hire a mermaid to swim beneath my boat and steer with her tail.

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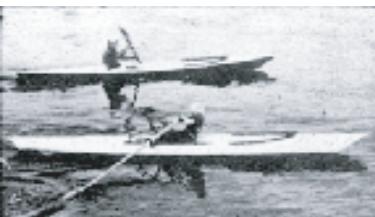
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The *WoodenBoat* Show returned to Mystic Seaport in Connecticut following the last couple of disappointing years at Newport, Rhode Island, and the move proved to be a good one as the organizers proudly state in the sidebar. An earlier scheme which was to see the show alternate between Mystic Seaport and other locales around the country as a sort of traveling circus was not pursued, and most recently it fell back on Newport where it first appeared in the early '80s (not under the magazine's management at that time).

The appeal of Newport as a yachting center (diminished with the America's Cup now long gone) may appear to offer a good venue for a wooden boat show, but the first one in the '80s failed after several years and the reincarnation under *WoodenBoat* management has not done well there compared to

## WoodenBoat Show Returns to Mystic Seaport

By Bob Hicks

its past Mystic appearance or in its home port in Southwest Harbor, Maine.

The synergy between the Seaport and the Show is self evident, the Seaport has built-in crowds every weekend to which the Show can add its own aficionados. The Seaport ambiance of old timey New England seaport perfectly sets off the traditional style of the wooden boats brought for display, large and small, new and old.

As we usually do, we went on the Friday to avoid the weekend crush of the busloads of the general public. Friday was very busy without them, obviously many wooden boat folks had the same idea. The weather was golden, clear, bright, low humidity, the breeze a bit light (on Friday) for demo sailing on the river, but...

A day spent wandering through the Show resulted in an eclectic mix of photos, some of which we share with you on these pages. It was an enjoyable day for us despite a bit of ennui creeping in after too many years of going to boat shows. The major inspiration to again attend was the dinner arranged as a tribute for Phil Bolger. It proved to be a nice affair, as we tell you elsewhere in this report.



Trial runs out of the small boat basin were enjoyed by potential customers. The outboard powered fishing skiff was better suited to the calm Friday afternoon than the cat-ketch seen under oars.

Dan Noyes filled the shoes of the "new guy" at the show this year for me. I always like to meet an aspiring new builder sallying forth from his shop to present his first efforts to the wooden boat community. Dan's commission to build his 18' Ipswich Bay Sailing Dory, which he designed with inspiration from bygone local waterline class knockabouts, came hard on the heels of losing his job at the historic Lowell Boat Shop in Amesbury, Massachusetts, during a recent (again) re-organization of what professes to be America's oldest continuously operating boat building shop. An acquaintance who was about to order a small wooden sailboat from Lowell's proceeded to offer the commission to Dan and the result has been highly pleasing to him. We'll have more on this design in an upcoming issue. D.A. Noyes, 17 Cottage Rd., Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0126, danoyes1@gmail.com



# What WoodenBoat Has to Say about Their Show

"The 2007 WoodenBoat Show was the best one in our 16 years of producing this wonderful event. More than 13,000 enthusiasts celebrated wooden boats at Mystic Seaport. The boats, the people, the vendors, special events, and Mystic Seaport all contributed to make this an exceptional show. We greatly look forward to returning in 2008," commented Carl Cramer, the publisher of *WoodenBoat* magazine and producer of the 16th Annual *WoodenBoat* Show that took place at Mystic Seaport on June 29-July 1. Dana Hewson, Vice President of Watercraft at Mystic Seaport, was equally enthusiastic saying, "Mystic Seaport and the *WoodenBoat* Show are perfect partners and this year's show proved that. The location and the content worked wonderfully together to give visitors more than they could have imagined."

The weekend's attendance nearly tripled a normal June weekend at Mystic Seaport and doubled attendance at last year's *WoodenBoat* Show held in Newport, Rhode Island. Parking lots that filled up by mid-morning and throngs swarming the docks and grounds of Mystic Seaport for three days straight were testament to the success of this year's show. Visitors enjoyed the show boats, exhibits, and presentations that filled the seaport's waterfront campus as well as the museum's own exhibits and galleries. One admission fee included both attractions for two full days.

There were all types of wooden boats at the show, from kayaks and canoes and vintage speedboats with gleaming varnish to the amazingly glamorous 74' power yacht, *Aphrodite* and a 76' sailing yacht. There were used boats being offered for sale by their owners, new boats being sold by builders, and recently completed restorations being shown by various boat yards from throughout New England and beyond. There were also all kinds of exhibitors, from varnish manufacturers and sail makers to one who was offering a device that sends a text message to your cell phone if the water level rises too high in your boat's bilge.

More than a dozen workshops presented by expert boat builders demonstrated how to

cast bronze boat hardware, splice wire, saw bezels, steam bend planks, and maintain diesel engines were well attended. Crowds gathered and sawdust flew every time the operator fired up the Wood-Mizer portable saw mill to handily cut tree trunks into planks. A lucky few toured the steam engine aboard the 1908 excursion steamer *Sabino*, while many more caught a rare glimpse of Mystic Seaport's extensive collection of small boats and rare marine engines. Several enjoyed a guided tour of the restoration of the 1920 fishing vessel *Roann* taking place in the DuPont Shipyard.

Pleased exhibitors said they liked the synergy between the working museum and its waterfront and the way the show brings a marketable side to some of the same things, making, maintaining, and celebrating wooden boats. "The show was a memorable experience in an outstanding location. To be able to exhibit my nautical watercolors in the shadow of the historic whaling ship *Morgan* was inspiring and will probably result in new works reflecting the seaport," enthused Linda Norton of Linda Norton Studios. "We had a great show, far better than expected. "The people who came to our booth at the *WoodenBoat* Show were genuinely interested in our products, were full of good questions, and appreciated what we do," commented Mike Lavecchia from Grain Surfboards of York, Maine. David Jacques, President of Boatsense Solutions Inc said, "The show was an overwhelming success for us in letting the market know about our product." "A great show is an understatement. Mystic Seaport seemed to attract the right attendees, enthusiastic wooden boat aficionados. Where else can you be standing next to a sharpie from the late 1800s and, in my case, a skiff finished late the previous night?" quipped Edward Sutt of Synergy Boatworks.

Photographs from this year's show can be viewed at [TheWoodenBoatShow.com](http://TheWoodenBoatShow.com). The 17th *WoodenBoat* Show, presented by *WoodenBoat* magazine, will again take place at Mystic Seaport on June 27-29, 2008. Anyone interested in exhibiting should email [kate@woodenboat.com](mailto:kate@woodenboat.com).

Chesapeake Light Craft's display covered a lot of ground with the kayak models mostly standing on end reaching for the sky. These four rowing/sailing models were more sedately displayed, Skerry, Passagemaker, Annapolis Wherry, and Eastport pram.



Mike Bousquet came all the way from Lincoln, Nebraska, to show off his 19' bateau in the "I built it myself" display intended for amateur builders to show off their work with no exhibitor fee charged. He was the only one! "There was another guy but he didn't show," Mike explained. He was having a great time and his bateau was a first class amateur building project that also involved his brother and a friend.



Joe Youcha of the Alexandria (Virginia) Seaport Foundation was keeping his hand in at the Family Boatbuilding tent. Joe told us that the Seaport has been very successful inspiring many inner city kids enrolled in its youth boat building program to go on into careers as union carpenters as a result of a cooperative arrangement with a local carpenter's union.

To help pay for the cost of exhibiting in the show many exhibitors offer small items they have crafted as take-home souvenirs. Traditional wood carver Leo Carrera displayed this selection "for the galley." Leo Carrera, Woodcarver's Knot, P.O. Box 1054, Shirley, MA 01464.





Long time friends Ralph and Joanne Johnson of Pert Lowell Co. had a nice Townie sloop in the small craft basin, I've always had a soft spot for this wonderful little sloop first built in the early '30s by Joanne's father, Pert, with over 2,000 of them turned out by him through into the '60s. Ralph is still building them to order today. Visiting their exhibit nearby we found that Ralph was temporarily away down by the Rt. 1 bridge over the Mystic River photographing Voyager Cruises' '168' brand new Class A tall ship, *Mystic*, which is fitted out with 50 25" and 50 12" traditional Pert Lowell Co. mast hoops that he had made. Pert Lowell Co., Lane's End, Newbury, MA 01950, (978) 462-7409.



Reuben Smith displayed this Fred Goeller "Sea Pup" dinghy, a current project at his Tumblehome Boatshop at Jones River Landing in Kingston, Massachusetts. Reuben told us he was also currently restoring the very first Fenwick Williams canoe yawl that was predecessor to the famed *Annie*. He is also promoting the interests of the Jones River Landing, Kingston's environmental heritage center, "Reconnecting contemporary coastal Massachusetts to its environment through ecology, recreation, and boat building." Reuben also conducts workshops through the Mass Bay Maritime Artisans on an ongoing basis at the Landing and at the nearby Hull Lifesaving Museum. Tumblehome Boatshop, Jones River Landing, Kingston, MA, (617) 462-7215, [www.tumblehomeboatshop.com](http://www.tumblehomeboatshop.com). Jones River Landing, 55 Landing Rd., Kingston, MA 02364, (781) 585-2322, [info@jonesriver.org](mailto:info@jonesriver.org)



I never did track down the builder of this sort of Nordic-looking craft with its bow shaped mast so I can't say much about her. The spar was certainly unique and I couldn't help but envision a giant arrow poised for flight from that "bowstring" stretching from base to tip.



*Lizzie G* was on hand all the way from Historic Spanish Point, the Gulf Coast Heritage Association's museum in Osprey, Florida (see Allan Horton's letter in the August 15 "You write to us about..." pages). *Lizzie G* was volunteer built of Florida woods without benefit of power tools, as were her predecessors built by the pioneering Webb and Guptill families. It was show closing time when we came by and Allan was busy derigging her for the night. We did chat with the folks at the Spanish Point table on the pier and a very motivated crew they were. Lots of enthusiasm for this small start up museum.



Another Bolger design on the used boat dock was this tidy Micro, offered by Mason Smith of Adirondack Goodboat fame.



Boyd Mefferd's nice 23' mahogany runabout was another boat that tugged at bygone aspirations, for at one time I had a 17' version in the shed fully intending to restore it and head out to New Hampshire's Lake Winnipesaukee (runabout heaven) for summer fun. Never happened. Boyd's little sign sports his website [www.boydsantiqueboats.com](http://www.boydsantiqueboats.com), an unrecognizable "address" when this beauty was new.



(Top left) *Red Wing* (not to be confused with the Karl Stambaugh Redwing motor launch), noted to be a Bolger design, was for sale on the used boat dock. Roomy cockpit, snug looking, flush deck cabin, enough to stir again somnolent yearnings of bygone times for such a craft. No owner ID was on the dock, nor was the owner present when we stopped by.

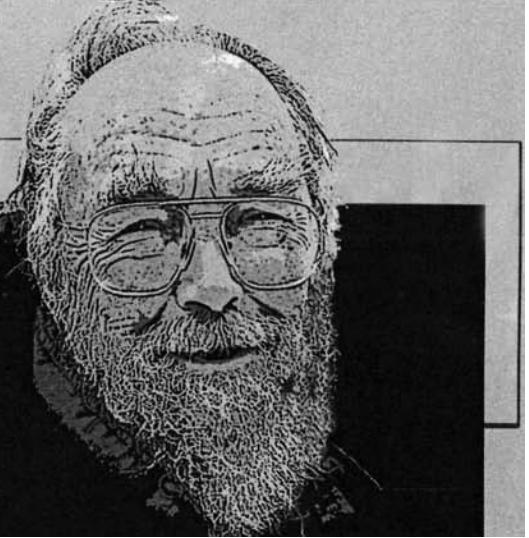
(Bottom left) Bob Lavertue's traditional sailing canoe, *Pretty Jane*, provides great sport for him and also serves as a display for his custom made traditional bronze hardware, including the fan centerboard that serves as his business name. Springfield Fan Centerboard Co., 456 Fuller St., Ludlow, MA 01056-1309, (413) 547-8364.



*Redwing 18* is an outboard powered cruiser for backwaters that can be built at modest expense, the creation of Karl Stambaugh with an eye on the Chesapeake Eastern Shore. Karl's version of the traditional hull is for plywood construction for easier building by an amateur. All of the designs in the 40-page catalog, ranging from 7' pram to a 30' coaster schooner, have a graceful, swoopy look to them. The Redwing was for sale at the show, if it catches your eye you might want to contact Karl about it, or order his \$10 catalog for a bit of dreaming. Chesapeake Marine Design, 794 Creek View Rd., Severna Park, MD 21146, (800) 376-3152, [kstamba103@aol.com](mailto:kstamba103@aol.com)

# Classical Bolger

## —Outside the box



The Skipper's Galley is a modest-sized restaurant on the grounds at Mystic Seaport which usually serves to feed the general public who come to spend a day at the Seaport. Its layout does not lend itself to banquet style dining, it is long and narrow with a raised dias midway along its long back wall with intervening posts and low dividing walls breaking up the space and obstructing viewing of the evening's featured person(s) from several angles. *WoodenBoat* had to limit the tickets offered at \$30 each to fit the capacity, but it was a full house anyway.

The crowd gathered outside prior to the door opening and a lucky few got to speak with Phil, who was surrounded with his admirers as well as old friends like Peter Duff. The head table was down on the floor with all the rest so most were not able to glimpse Phil and his wife Suzanne and the chosen dignitaries who normally sit at head tables.

Senior Editor Mike O'Brien seems to have been the one chosen to organize the tribute to Phil, a fitting choice as Mike has long admired and been friendly with Phil. Mike started off the evening's speeches by calling attention to a 20-page stapled collection of Phil's free-form hull designs he had assembled and placed at each seat, as mentioned above in the heading for this report. While the vast majority of Phil's admirers are



of the plywood easy-to-build school, it did seem to *WoodenBoat* that attention ought to be directed to the many traditional designs among Phil's 600+ creations.

Several speakers followed on after Mike offering personal vignettes of how Phil had influenced their lives in boats. Boatbuilder/designer Sam Devlin was in from the West Coast, kit builder/designer John Harris of CLC from the East Coast. A long time friend of Phil's, Holbrook Robinson, undertook to

read an email from a US Navy official involved with Phil and Suzanne on designing a radical new craft intended to ferry troops from ship to shore under fire, not only revealing just how far Phil Bolger & Friends are reaching out but also explaining why some of their current clients for designs have had to wait so long.

Long time friend and bygone boating editor Dan Segal wrapped up the accolades and then it was Phil's turn. He and Suzanne had decided that the best way for him to offer some comments on his life and work was by means of a hastily put together video. It ran to 75 minutes as Phil wanted to get a lot in. After early scenes in which Phil described his background, he cut to albums full of his designs and turned pages commenting upon drawings not always easily seen.

Afterwards there was no time left for Phil to field questions as planned for the Seaport had insisted on everyone being off the property by 10pm (which was an hour later than the 9pm they had earlier set, changed after the time constraints were pointed out). Despite the organizational shortcomings, the evening was an acceptable first try at such an occasion. Perhaps, Phil and Suzanne speculate, at some future appropriate time and place some sort of an "Evening with Phil Bolger" soiree might be attempted.



Lewis Moore's (of Stillwater Boats) elegant electric launch.

A Light Dory from Maine and an electric workboat launch from Connecticut.



## The Bolger Boats

In its advertising for this year's show and the Phil Bolger tribute, *WoodenBoat* announced that up to 12 of his designs, amateur built, would be accepted for display free of charge during the show. On Friday while we were there there were seven, three of them Chebacco boats. Some readers may notice that only six are pictured. I'm still wrassling with this digital camera!

Karen Liu's Mab mini catboat from Massachusetts.



Y.M. Robichaud's Chebacco from PEI, Canada.

Lily Catchpole, another Chebacco.



# The No Octane Regatta

By Chuck Raynor

Seventeen years ago the first No Octane Regatta was held on Blue Mountain Lake in the upstate Adirondack region of New York State. The idea and impetus were the work of Hallie Bond, author and Curator of the Adirondack Museum in the charming little town of Blue Mountain Lake (first paved road in 1930).

Patterned after the end-of-season gatherings of guides in the late 1800s and early 1900s, the event had on-the-water events such as the Hurry Scurry Race, where the first leg was a foot race on land, the second leg was a swimming race out to one's anchored boat, and the last leg was a rowing race after managing to climb out of the water into a tippy (that's a nautical term for unstable) guideboat. There were various kinds of rowing and sailing races as well as jousting, where opponents stood on the gunwales of boats and tried to knock each other off with long poles with big rubber balls on the ends.

For 15 years, each year a hundred or so small wooden rowing, sailing, and paddling boats from around the country showed up for three days of fun. It seemed that there were as many visitors as residents and the whole town turned out. There were plays, parades, art exhibits, boat building, food, and a whole lot of good times.

In 2006 there was a hiatus. But on June 16 this year a new No Octane Regatta was held at a new location. Non-wooden boats were allowed (but not in the last event, "The Parade of Boats"). The new location was Little Wolf Lake on the town of Tupper Lake's beach. This was a nice sand beach with adjacent campgrounds and a bath house.

While the Adirondack Museum oversaw the on-the-water events, many other organizations offered their generous and enthusiastic support. Traditional Arts in Upstate New York (TAUNY) arranged the onland program. There were a series of tents housing various types of exhibits among which was a paddle carver, a boat builder with a finished rowing boat alongside one of the same model under construction, and an artist who displayed original art on small paddles.

Other participating organizations were the Town of Tupper Lake, the Tupper Lake Chamber of Commerce, the Adirondack Watershed Alliance (in charge of a nine-mile canoe race on nearby Tupper Lake), and food was provided by the ladies of the Eastern Star.

The world famous Michelin Guide, which rates the qualities of restaurants, has a very high rating called "worth a trip." Let me tell you, the rhubarb and strawberry pie (baked early the same morning by a member of the Eastern Star) is "worth a trip." The tartness of the rhubarb is gently offset by the sweetness of the strawberries.

Hallie Bond, moving force behind the long running event and curator at the Adirondack Museum.



Paddle carving demonstration.



A 25' Adirondack guideboat.



A standard sized Adirondack guideboat.



Blackfly season protection afloat.





The sailing race.



The sailing canoe race.



Scott LaVertue heading out in his racing sailing canoe.



Lining up for the "Dog Race."



At the ready for a round of jousting.



Climbing aboard for the third part of the "Hurry Scurry" race.

Loon figurehead on a strip built kayak.



Paddle art featuring Ratty rowing.



"Are y'all ready for some jumbalaya?" Cajun John Roddy called out to the assembled captains and crew (of 60-some trailerable sailboats) gathered on the front porch of the Pensacola Shipyard Marina complex. Boy, were we ready! The line formed quickly and heaping helpings of beans and pork jumbalaya were spooned out by Cajun John and his eager GRITS helpers. GRITS stands for Greater Regional Interstate Trailer Sailors and they've been doing this for several years now. I was lucky enough to attend in 2005 and again this year. The BEER cruise this year started as usual in Pensacola. On the first day the entire fleet sails to Juana's Pagoda in Navarre Beach. Then on Sunday the fleet sails back west to Quietwater lagoon, and on Monday to Mosquito Lagoon or Sand Island near the swiftly running Pensacola inlet.

On the docks were every kind of small trailerable sailing craft you could imagine. The smallest was the diminutive Guppy 13, *Moxie*, sailed by Mich Henshaw, while the largest were several MacGregor 26X boats featuring all the comforts of home. Seven members of our West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron made the trip from their homes to Pensacola this year. Bill Fite and myself with our SeaPearl 21s, Paul Waggoner with his SeaPearl Tri, Dave Barnicoat and Ed and Becky Combs with their West Wight Potter 19s, and Ted Jean with his Hunter 19 Milk and Honey.

Friends of the Squadron were also cruising with us on the BEER this year; Alan Russell with his Potter 19, Joy, Mark, and Pam Gutschalk with *Belle*, their Sanibel 17, and Travis Votaw with his B & B Princess 22, *Pilgrim*. Along the way we made many new friends this year, including Bob Horan with his Morgan 24, *Linda Jean*, Mike Miller with *½ Pint*, his Potter 15, Jim Stumpf with *Primrose*, a new No Frills 15 that he'd just completed, Steve Haines with his cute Seaward Fox, and many others.

"Welcome to the BEER Cruise folks! It ain't a race, so y'all can leave when you feel like it tomorrow. Just be careful and enjoy yourselves. We'll party at Navarre tomorrow night," Cajun John reminded us during the impromptu skippers' meeting while we all enjoyed his jumbalaya. After a long day of driving it didn't take much for the squadron members to fall off to sleep Friday night. A couple of obligatory beers were all it took for

Shot from the top of the dune at Mosquito Cove.



## Backwater Environmental Escape Rendezvous—2007 (BEER Run)

By Ron Hoddinott



John Roddy, a GRITS member, cooks jumbalaya.

me before I crawled into the tiny cabin of *Whisper* and fell into my bunk for the night.

Saturday morning the WCTSS group woke up early, and after grabbing some morning coffee from Paul Waggoner aboard his SeaPearl Tri, *Wing-It*, we noticed that Ted Jean, Dave Barnicoat, and Ed and Becky had already cast off for Navarre! The three SeaPearls soon followed suit. Outside of the marina complex we found excellent conditions for sailing to the east and southeast. A northwest wind of 10kts was blowing! With all sail set the SeaPearls soon caught and passed the Potters and Hunter 19. Bill and I sailed around and off in different directions to keep from getting too far ahead. Up ahead was the bridge from Gulf Breeze to Santa Rosa Island. This year we had the current and the wind with us, and after waiting for a large barge to come through we were able to sail right on through to the bridge.

Now we were in beautiful Santa Rosa Sound with high sand dunes on the mainland side to the north and white sugar sand beaches to the south. For several miles there were houses and condos to the south along the beaches, but before long we spotted Range Point where the condos ended and a long

stretch of empty beach began. This is what we'd come to see. Bill and I headed over to the beach for a swim and we radioed the other WCTSS boats so they could come join us. The water was warm and inviting and it was a good place to rest and wait for the rest of the fleet to sail under the bridge so we could get some good photos of the event.

Before long we spotted the majority of the BEER fleet starting to come under the bridge and we made ready to sail out to greet them. The winds were beginning to pick up after getting lighter and now the wind was coming from the southwest, which is a sea breeze in these parts. I placed *Whisper* where the largest number of boats would sail by and put her in a hove-to position sailing backwards at about 1.5kts. This gave me a good vantage point to capture photos of all the trailer sailors passing by.

As soon as the majority of the boats went by, I jibed her around and started the stern chase. It is said that the stern chase is a long chase, but it didn't take *Whisper* long to catch up to the fleet and before long the three SeaPearls were leading the pack once again. Travis Votaw's Princess 22, also a cat ketch, was doing quite well at the head of the other boats. Ed Combs called on the radio, "Hey, look at that! The first four boats are all cat ketchs!"

In all honesty, the conditions were just about perfect for the SeaPearls. They love a broad reach or a run and we were getting one! Near the head of the fleet was *SaraLee*, Craig Gleason's Stephenson Vacationer 19, flying four sails including a gaff topsail. Suddenly the topmast came tumbling down and she started to drop back. Fortunately Craig considers this mast an expendable spar and will have no trouble replacing it when he gets home.

The 26 miles to Navarre were disappearing rapidly as our speed increased along with the sea breeze. A towering thunderstorm to the east was also increasing the westerly component of the wind. *Whisper's* speed increased steadily until we were making over 7kts. To add a bit of excitement a fleet of beach cats were racing in the sound as if to put us in our place. They zipped by with crews on their trapezes at what looked like 20kts! The storm up ahead started to light up the black sky with long horizontal strands of lightning, the timing of the thunder coming closer to the strikes.

WCTSS boats stop at beach for a swim in Santa Rosa Sound.



Bill was right behind me in *MoonShadow* and we were both wondering if we were going to make it to the anchorage before the storm hit. It was definitely coming our way! Stopping to reef or even put on a rain jacket was out of the question so we just surged into the anchorage at 8kts and zipped around a corner into the shallows just as the first rain drops started to fall. We got our Bruce anchors set and zipped up our convertible cabins.

Further west the scene was chaotic. Tom Potter's Catalina 250, *Knotty Cat*, was reported to have been knocked mast down in the water by a micro-burst during the storm, but most just anchored in place and limped into the anchorage under power after the storm passed us by to the south. When the WCTSS group finally straggled in and anchored nearby we all took off down the beach to Sailor's Restaurant for a few hearty beers and something warm to eat. The country rock music that night emanating from Juana's beach bar wasn't that bad, but we mostly enjoyed it from a half mile away in our shallow cove.

On Sunday the plan was to sail back west to a beach area near the big bridge called Quietwater Beach. I have no idea why it has that name because there always seems to be loud music playing there. But they do have a large enough beach for us all to find a place to anchor and that's where the BEER headed on Sunday.

For the Squadron that meant a long 16-mile beat to the west. The wind was mostly southwest so we would make long port tacks along the shore and then short starboard tacks back to the south. The wind started out light but increased as it had the previous day. We were taking a well-deserved swim break during the morning when we spotted another SeaPearl tacking toward us! The owner's name was Dave and he's only had his SeaPearl for a few months. He was retiring from the Air Force in a few months and was trying to learn as much as he could about his boat. When we left the beach he sailed with us for quite a while before heading home.

Ted Jean in *Milk and Honey* was ranging out in front this day, having left earlier and used his motor when the winds went light. He was looking for Big Sabine Point for another rendezvous point for us but didn't have any official charts and couldn't find it. Ed and Becky in *Minnow* were trying to help Ted but before he knew it he'd sailed five miles past Big Sabine Point and was at Quietwater Beach!

Paul and Bill and I stopped at Big Sabine Point on the eastern side and went ashore. It provided a quiet cove for shallow boats and would have been a great stop but the restaurants of Quietwater were calling and we decided to push on the last five miles. As I sailed carefully into the anchorage Shane Wallace, one of the original GRITS members, put his hand on *Whisper*'s gunwale and said appreciatively, "These darned SeaPearls are really amazing!"

Quietwater wasn't quiet. The bands were loud and got worse as the afternoon and evening went on. The gang found a seat at Flounder's restaurant and managed to get fed pretty well. The beer flowed freely in the anchorage. Ed and Becky moved out to a quieter spot but the sun and wind had taken its toll on Bill, Paul, and I and we elected to stay right where we were for the night. It wasn't a good move. The grunge bands gave way to a rap band which groaned and thumped until 2am.



Bill Fite aboard SeaPearl *MoonShadow*.



Travis Votaw's *Pilgrim*.



Dave Bandicoat's Potter 19 *Red Tag*.

Shane Wallace's Neptune 24 *Nightmoves*.  
Shane is a GRITS member.



Monday was another day of heading east toward Mosquito Cove near Pensacola Pass. Once again the WCTSS gang ignored the marked channel and skirted the beautiful sugar white sands of the barrier islands. Fort Pickens, a Civil War fort, sits out on the end of the island overlooking Pensacola Pass. We gradually made our way to the fort, picking up speed after a swim break when we began to feel the effects of a strong outgoing tide.

We all stopped for about an hour at the fort to take a walk and get a good look at one of the largest brick forts in the United States. Sadly I read that it was built by slave labor in 1834 and many of the black slaves died in the process of heat exhaustion and malaria. But standing on the ramparts gave a good view of the last few miles of our trip for the day over to one of the biggest dunes I'd ever seen. I'm not sure if Sand Island is a natural dune or the result of dredging the channel, but it makes a great backdrop for an anchorage. And that's where all the BEER boats anchored, stern to the beach on Monday night.

Monday afternoon and evening were the finale of the BEER cruise and a lot of friendly socializing took place. Paul cooked his famous chicken casserole for us and Ed, Becky, Dave, and Ted cooked steaks on beach grills. We climbed to the top of the dune and took in the view. Sixty-six Beer cruisers (by their count) and dozens of other large and small cruising boats crowded the anchorage but there was no band to intrude this night. Only the soft sounds of small travel guitars and singing around a campfire. Pam and Mark brought out their weedwacker powered blender, several bags of ice, bottles of tequila and mixer, and made margaritas for whoever wanted them! What a party! John Roddy had reminded us that the BEER was inspired by the founder of the Trailer Sailor Website, Doc Hansen, who died a few years ago. And many a glass was raised in his honor this night at Mosquito Cove.

Tuesday morning everyone was up early to see the Navy's Blue Angels practice. It took place right on schedule from 8:30 to 10:00 with many of their flights screaming right over our heads on the island. Although difficult to catch with our cameras, the sights and sounds will never be forgotten.

Afterward everyone began to raise anchors for the sail back to Pensacola and a hot shower! Ed and Becky had to go back and Ted decided at the last minute to beat the fleet and took off as well. That left Bill, Paul, Dave, and myself to ponder our next move. We'd talked about taking a few more days to explore to the west and we did sail to the end of Big Lagoon about four miles away. We stopped at a state park and inquired about getting some more ice. But they didn't have any and the wind was really strong out of the west. We climbed an observation tower and looked toward Alabama. We could see the towering condos in that direction. The sand dunes to the east beckoned and we decided to go with the flow and head east.

Our first thought was that we'd stay another night at Mosquito Cove but surfing downwind at 8kts was too much fun and we continued on toward the Pensacola Shipyard docks. Once past Sand Island, however, we found ourselves bucking a very strong outgoing tide. The following seas built up until *Whisper* was surfing. The bow was rooting around in the next wave while the stern teetered on the brink of a broach. We were running wing-on-wing with main and mizzen



*MoonShadow* running downwind on Saturday.



*Whisper* at Mosquito Cove.

on either side. As we rounded the Naval Air Station I had to jibe the mizzen over to starboard and keep her on her feet in the treacherous conditions. I was dragging both leeboards to slow her down and was still making 8+kts over the bottom against a 2kt tide. It was one of the scariest moments I've had aboard *Whisper* but she came through unscathed.

We found the entrance to the Pensacola Shipyard Marina Complex using the GPS and swooped on in. Rounding up to the inside of C dock and lowering the sails was a great relief after an absolutely fantastic sail topping off a fabulous weekend cruise. We celebrated that night before heading home the next morning.

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Sand Dune at Santa Rosa Sound rest stop.

Some of the smaller boats over on C Dock Friday night.

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More and more hereabouts in SOCAL it seems that size does, in fact, matter. Yep. Boats just seem to be getting bigger and bigger. The glossies showing pages and PAGES of itty bitty pictures of really big boats for sale just sort of blow my little mind. First question, to this po' boy anyhow, is where does the money come from to buy those multitudes of floating pleasuredromes? But even assuming here in the Land of the Endless Credit Card that people will continue to find a way of drumming up the wherewithal to actually buy one or more of those behemoths, there's a more personally relevant question.

Where are they gonna' put 'em? Basically every square centimeter of shoreline has been already assigned to its particular lot in life, for decades. Rich peoples' beachfront castles are jealously guarded to stay just the way they are. Condos tend to stay pretty much where the builder left 'em (at least between earthquakes, anyway). Hotels seem to persist as hotels. And, of course, our US Navy tends to feel attached to its piers and quay walls for just about forever. So where are you going to find space for bigger and bigger boats if you don't have any place to build more and more docks?

Well, you just get rid of a bunch of smaller boat slips. And presto, room for one more Humungouscraft. Oh, you wonder what happens to the BOATS that used to be in those slips and, now don't have a place to live? Well, you simply crush them and charge the owners and other "tenants" who pay rent on holes in public water for this essential public service. Granted that is more the subject of an editorial. But yes, there is, in fact, a yard where hapless boats are crushed into rubble, just around the corner from where we live. No spare parts permitted for sale or gift. Just a big pile of rubble for the landfill. It's truly a sad thing to witness. Driving by there is a challenge to any boatophile's sense of equanimity.

There isn't really all that much water here in San Diego Bay. As far as places to "boat" and places to moor those boats when they're done "boating," the bay itself isn't much more than a dozen miles from one end to the other. (That's nautical miles, of the 2,000-yard persuasion). Heck, at least before all those knee operations I could walk from end to end in a couple hours. Jog it in a lot less. In our short piece of estuary five separate cities, with mayors and city councils and planning commissions and zoning departments and all that, lay dotted lines across and up and down the blue part of their street maps. This doesn't EVEN get into all the agencies-without-number who protect beaches from waves, bay water from rain water, and so on infinitum.

Our fathers who art on the Port Commission routinely REDUCE the amount of this purportedly federal waterway available for the regular parking of floating water craft. I have friends who say openly, in front of the surveillance cameras and everything, that the long term plan is to pave over this unruly water and plant condos-with-their-own-Starbucks everywhere. With one minor exception no new marinas have been built here in eons.

And unlike some of those pictures I see showing New England bays virtually covered with boats at anchor, we have to get a permit to anchor overnight hereabouts and the folks with the guns and badges ensure that the rode hits the road after a max of 72

## Some of the Things You've Heard about California Are True

By Dan Rogers

hours. I'm not making this up. And to think most of those wake draggers have to carry appellations denoting inner peace and tranquility above their "hailing ports" from places such as Cave Creek, Arizona. Now there's a great seaport for ya. I guess OUR bay will soon resemble THEIR paved over desert. That'll be peaceful for sure. Oops, borderline editorial again.

Most articles I read in the West Coast boating press about trends in boat type and size indicate that the average size for pleasure vessels has increased in length by 10' or 12' in the past generation. And, of course, for those of us who ply the bay and beyond in boats where a fellow can both steer and touch the water at the same time, longer isn't the only bigger thing. Most of these newer boats are noticeably wider. And certainly they are a whole bunch taller. Stories taller, even what would have been a runabout or family ski boat in some dark, antediluvian past is now yards taller from the ripples to the radar arch over the Bimini.

I guess they have to be taller to allow for the extra thickness of the granite counter tops so essential to boating pleasure. Seems like most of 'em have stuck-out balconies. I particularly like the symmetrical port AND starboard "staircase to the sea" excavations, complete with abundant underwater lighting. To illuminate the prop helix for the entertainment of passing codfish?

Even the sailboats seem to resemble playground jungle gyms and, more and more, freeway overpasses. And, of course, we have been invaded by hordes of those new Eurostyled boats with the hineys that would do a Spanish galleon proud. Longer, and taller, and wider. This is so they can make BIGGER WAKES. Yep. That is one of the major products and public services of our conspicuously humongous boats. Wakes. Great, curling, cascading mountains of water are the proud, and perhaps principal, creation of so many of my Diesel-powered floating neighbors. Huge walls of water that stop all lesser hulls in their tracks.

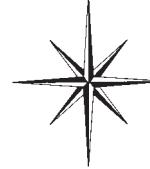
Yep, as Dave Barry has called their highway equivalent, these "minor planets with their own gravitational fields" roar nose-in-the-air past messers and, say, less than 10,000lb sailors alike, scattering us like so many leaves in the wind. I, at least, wonder why it's so important to be so important. Anyhow?

I'm not certain that these "modern" floating palaces that I speak so highly of are actually moving much faster than their forebears. Not in speed over the ground. My other hero, Phil Bolger, could better explain the prismatic. Maybe it's like when those C-5s seem to hover in the sky as they arrive and depart over the bay. I'm told the reason they appear to be moving so slowly is because they are so damn big. On that tack, we also share our main truck space with hordes of helos, F-18s, and the assorted (but just as essential to the Navy's air mission) "trash haulers" making low passes over the "uninhabited areas" of water that otherwise hold the asphalt covered hills apart. Apparently our marina is one of those "uninhabited" areas as we can regularly count the wing rivets on overhead "Sounds of Freedom" machines turning onto short final approach.

Anyway, back to the big wakes. If not actually moving faster, they sure seem to displace and scatter a whole lot more surface water than what we used to see. From the vantage point of a guy in a kayak, or sailing dink, or even a modest-sized keel boat wallowing along in the spoil, God-driven waves and ground swell are hard to pick out.

Perhaps even more than the conundrum of where they will continue to park them, I tend to wonder where they are going to USE them. Two or five of these huge wedding cake boats on parallel, overtaking, and/or converging courses tend to leave a tsunami ricocheting around long after they have firewalled it on to the next spot. Of course, as I said, the bay ain't all that long. So as soon as they get past the bridge it seems like they have to haul around and plow their enormous furrows right back the other way. Maybe these obtuse, multi-storyed, floating palaces (with granite counter tops assuredly) are in such a big hurry to get out and get back for fear that somebody even bigger is waiting to steal THEIR slip while they are gone.

Could be.



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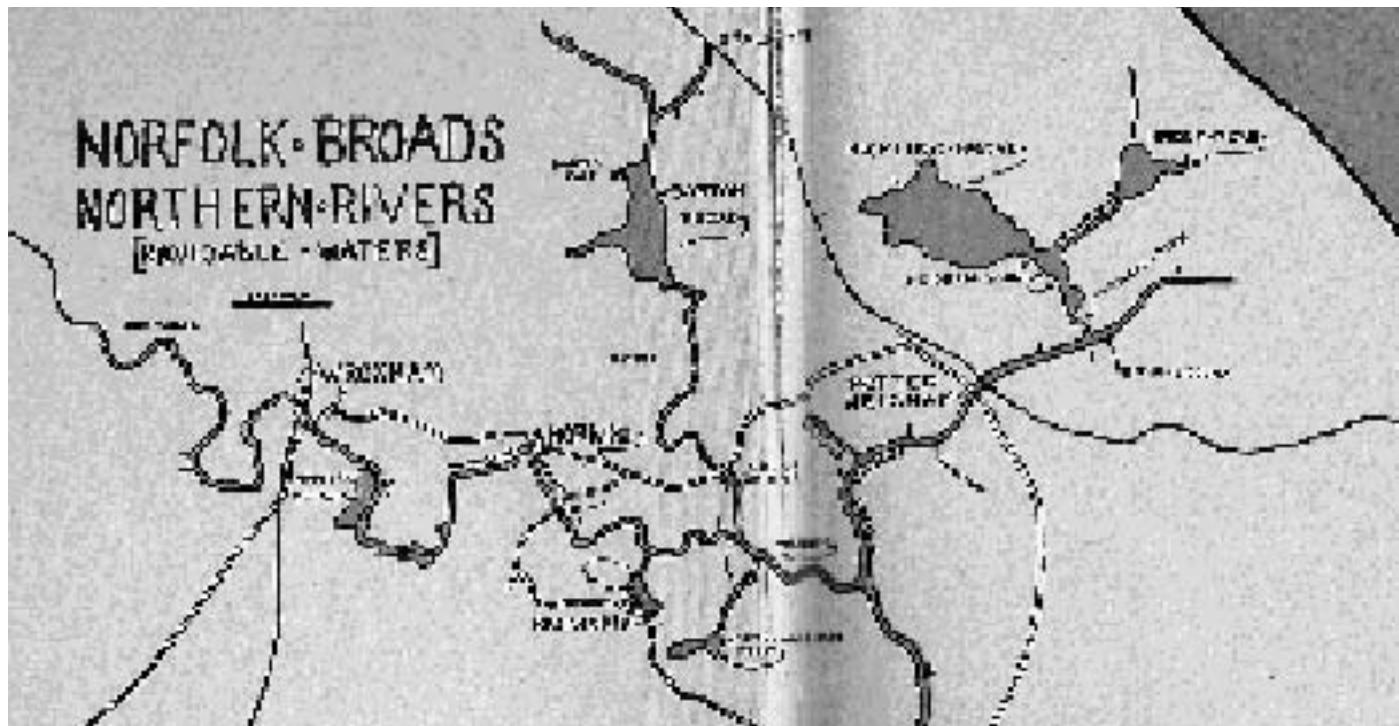
I was hoping for a visa to go to Sudan for a week in early June 2007. It got down to the wire and the visa hadn't come but I figured I'd go to London anyway (most flights to Sudan are out of Heathrow) since my wife Kate and her sister Ruth were headed that way. Plan A was that while I was in Sudan, Kate and Ruth were to tour the UK midlands visiting great houses. Then Ruth was to head for the continent and Kate and I would get together for three days before returning home to Virginia.

Visas to Sudan are iffy. Plan B was that I spend the week exploring the Norfolk Broads, home of Arthur Ransome's book *Coot Club* and several sequels.

Thursday: When we land at Heathrow I find an internet kiosk and check email, still no visa. Kate and Ruth head off for the car rental, I take the shuttle train to Paddington Station, London. Toting all my gear for Sudan, including some books for gifts to the Islamic seminary folks as well as my Plan B gear, I walk to the Oxford Street shopping area looking for a lightweight rain jacket, my expensive Goretex thing I've left in the States, it's just too heavy and bulky, that purchase was a mistake. Anyway, Selfridges don't have one, they send me to another exclusive shop, £70 for a coat far heavier and bulkier than I want, so I walk to a Picadilly sports shop (saw a fair piece of London, didn't I?), ended up buying a wind shell that was not waterproof.

Take the tube to the Liverpool St. Station, check for visa on the internet at McDonald's, hop the train to Norwich, eat in the restaurant car, and sit there the whole trip. At Norwich take the little train for Wroxham. Walk along the Bure, close to the bridge I stop to talk to a guy running the Wroxham Launch Hire, name of Tim. Tim is friendly, talkative, inveterately helpful, and the begin-

The map of the Norfolk Broads from the inside cover of *Coot Club*. The village of Ludham is at the head of Womack water, half way between Potter Heigham and Ludham Bridge. The village of Hickling is at the top of Hickling Broad. Martham Boat Yard is on the south bank of the river Thurne just where Kendal Dyke drains Hickling Broad into the Thurne. The river Bure flows through Wroxham in big meanders trending south/southeast. The village of Thurne lies just north of where the Thurne joins the Bure. The river Ant drains Barton Broad, and joins the Bure near St. Benet's Abbey. The village of Acle lies near the Bure just below where the Bure leaves the southern edge of the map. There are many small roads not shown on the map.



## A Week on the Norfolk Broads

By John Fairfield



Broads windmill.

ning of all my good fortune. I'm looking for a pulling boat with a sail, he says Martham Boatyard is the place, ten miles from Wroxham. It's late enough the buses aren't running and I've had a long day, so I check in at the inn Tim recommends, £45, way too expensive but I'm bushed.

From Tim I learn that there's going to be a sailing race on Saturday, the three-rivers race, where they have to go from Horning to below Acle on the Bure up to Potter Heigham

on the Thurne, and up the Ant to Ludham bridge, in any order, within 24 hours (it's an all nighter), and finish back at Horning. It leaves from Horning at noon on Saturday. Then Tim introduces me to Chris, who also works there, we get talking boats, he tells me not to miss the Museum of the Broads in Stalham, and he invites me to sail in the trading wherry *Maud* on Sunday!

This is huge, there are only a half-dozen or so wherries left and the 60' *Maud* is one of only two that are privately owned. Chris isn't the owner, I don't know exactly how he fits in, there seems to be a small circle of enthusiasts. I get the launch hire's phone number so I can confirm things later, though I have no phone. I watch a bit of local karaoke in the pub and crash.

Friday: Check email using the inn's computer, no visa. "Roy's" is an extended collection of shops in Wroxham and I find just the right rain jacket at £15. Take bus #54 towards Ludham but get off way too soon, at east end of Horning. I'm carrying two bags. I trudge to Ludham, then on to Potter Heigham (past the Falgate pub), cross the old bridge, and take a path beside the Thurne towards Martham Boatyard. The weekend before there had been two days of hard rain so water levels were high. The path along the riverbank has a sort of high concrete curb, I guess to help keep floodwaters out of the meadows.

This whole area is like rural Holland, with meadows and fen below the river level. There are many windmills, nowadays ruined and replaced by electric pumps that pump water from narrow ditches draining the meadows up to the level of the rivers. Standing on the deck of a boat one gazes down on cows and sheep with sails moving slowly across the meadows in the distance. Anyhow, I have to balance along the curb to

avoid extensive puddles on both sides, still slinging two bags.

I am now in the midst of the area described in Arthur Ransome's *Coot Club* written in the 1930s. The *Margoletta* is a wooden motor cruiser with a fore-cabin, a central high open cockpit, and an aft cabin. In the book the *Margoletta* is a rental boat used by the villainous "Hullabaloos," cynical outsiders who raise huge wakes eroding the riverbanks, disturbing nesting birds, and persecuting the children and elderly patrons of the Coot Club. The members of the Coot Club use the *Teasel* half-decker, a low, long sailing yacht built to easily drop the mast to enable shooting low bridges with a cabin top that can be raised and an awning that can be rigged so that even the cockpit becomes an extension of the cabin, the *Titmouse*, a tiny sailing yacht, and the *Death and Glory* (a beat-up ship's boat.)

At Martham Boatyard the owner, Terry, has *Margoletta*-like '30s vintage wooden cruisers. Terry also has pretty *Teasel*-like half-deckers with jibs that he didn't want me to single-hand, and one miserable little heavy fiberglass white 12' foot beat-up lugsail dinghy. The horn oarlocks are loose  $\frac{1}{8}$ " shafts in  $\frac{1}{8}$ " holes), the sail is a stretched rag. It is solid, heavy, simple, and cheap (£50 for the week). Diane at the front desk tells me of a B&B at the Greyhound pub in Hickling, she calls it up and arranges for me to stay three nights FSS at £20/night without breakfast because of leaving early in the morning. I christen the dinghy the *Death and Glory*, toss in my bags, and set off rowing up to Hickling Broad. In the broad I tack all the way the the quay (pronounced "key") at Hickling, note the nice lugsail halfdeckers to let at the boatyard there, and walk to the B&B.

All week winds are from the north. Birdlist: coots, grebes, herons, swans, moorhens, mallards, grey geese, Egyptian geese, tufted ducks, goldeneyes, cuckoos, kites, skylarks, lapwings, maybe one bittern, penny (piebald) wagtails, chaffinches, grouse, pheasant. Blackbirds aplenty, they sing so well.

Saturday: Leave 4:30 because I want to be in Horning by noon for the start of the race and the tide is supposed to be low at mouth of the Thurne around 8:00. Sail from Hickling to Martham, row through Potter Heigham, sail to mouth of Thurne by 9:00, row slowly up the Bure, current still setting down, I guess because of the high runoff. Explore the windmill built into the gatehouse of the ruinous St. Benet's Abby. Crazy that the abbey, founded in 1020 before the Normans and now a few piles of rubble in the marshes, was once one of the richest places in Britain and the only abbey that was spared Henry VIII's dissolution.

Get a tow from a little launch that came out of the Ant, he took me a mile, past Ranworth Dam to the pumping station near where I'd gotten off the bus too soon. Row to Horning, got out at the New Inn around 11:30, ask the innkeeper if I can use the internet, he gets his son doing homework on their computer upstairs to check my email, still no visa. Have a pint and by noon I'm standing in the crowd in front of the Swan Inn at the starting line watching some 50 boats in a half-dozen classes jockey slowly back and forth waiting for the starting gun for their class. Looking down that stretch at the sails tacking back and forth in the very light wind, it's like shuffling cards in slowmo. The class-

es leave at five minute intervals, a guy coming out of the yacht club with a two-barreled shotgun to start them off with a double blast.

I arrange that I'll stay MTW at the Moorhen B&B across the road from the parish staith (dock) in Horning, £30/night including breakfast, which I forget to bargain out. They let me use their internet, I double check for the visa and find a phone number for Kate and Ruth in my email, they've gotten a "mobile." After all racers have departed I start rowing. At the Ferry Inn I try the public phone, it's broken so I beg a mobile from people in the car park and call. Kate agrees to let me plan what we're going to do in the three days, we'll get together starting a week Sunday. Then I call Chris at the Wroxham Launch Hire, confirming that the *Maud* is on Wroxham water near Ludham and that I'm to be there at 10am on Sunday.

The racers are soon tacking into the current and the very light wind and I easily row up through a lot of them, it's dicey passing them as I don't want to get in their way at all. Row up the Ant to Ludham Bridge, leave the *Death and Glory* in a good quiet hideaway at the boatyard there, have tea in a pub, and catch #54 to Stalham by 6:00. Though it's closed I note the opening times of the Museum of the Broads (10:30-5:00). I walk a couple miles past a fine windmill to the Greyhound in Hickling. Later that evening I walk down to another pub by the Hickling Yachting Club, meet and share pints with an old, self-educated blue collar type who has very strong opinions about life. Good talk with lots of philosophizing, stretches us both.

Sunday: Early I walk the three miles from Hickling to Ludham. Stop to speak with a very gregarious type who is painting the gate to his driveway at 6:00 in the morning, he complains of growth in car traffic even in these tiny back roads. The priest (I guess) of the Ludham Church, a strong handsome man in seaboots out walking his dog, spots me checking out the service times in the church entrance, unfortunately the service is at 10:00 when I'm supposed to be on the *Maud*, he wishes me a pleasant sail.

I go down "Staith Road" the wrong side of Womack water. I walk back and down the east side and finally find the *Maud* about 9:00 just short of Hunter's boat yard. They've got some very nice half-deckers and yachts to let, old mahogany craft in great shape. Having found the *Maud* (protected by a huge shed roof, side-by-side with the other trading wherry, the *Albion*) I walk back to the Ludham staith boatyard/tea/'n/giftshop/chandlers, get tea and settle down to wait. A guy drives in, orders tea, and sits at the same (only) picnic table with me, his name's Joe and it turns out he's also going to go on the *Maud*. Joe gives me a lift down to the *Maud* at 10:00, we meet a half dozen others, especially Vincent and Linda, recently divorced, who raised and restored the *Maud* over 15 years of work.

We manhandle the *Maud* from alongside the *Albion* out of the shed so we can raise the mast. Vincent is a millwright, he restores windmills all over this area and Kent. Thin and tall, he rails against all that is wrong (i.e., cheap, short-sighted, ignorant) with British society and blames it on democracy. The rigging on the *Maud* is a book in itself, the huge perfectly counterweighted mast can be moved with one hand. The yard and sail are slung in a cunning set of blocks and chain so that they can be raised with one

halyard, no peak halyard required, although to reef one has to drop sail and remove a length of chain. The halyard goes to a simple wrought iron windlass with a crank on each end, four people can crank.

Once the mast is up Joe fires up the little one-lung push boat to get *Maud* moving and they break out the quant poles to turn the head of the boat for the quick turn into the channel. Heading south, we raise the sail and the push boat is shut down and towed. We sail from Womack water down the Thurne, up the Bure, and down to Ranworth. I get to tiller from well before the abbey to Ranworth, I stand in the tiny "well" or cockpit aft (she's double ended) and use my hips to shift the massive tiller.

Chris, who invited me, hasn't been able to come but he'd phoned Linda and the rest slowly sort out who the American is and how he comes to be on the *Maud*. At Ranworth we drop the mud anchor (just an iron blob) and shuttle to the staith in the push boat. Joe tells me I must some day climb Ranworth church tower for the view but we only stop there for a few minutes. I buy a couple of bottles of wine at the shop. Back on the *Maud* we find Tim has shown up in the stout little unmasted motor cruiser that he lives on in Wroxham when not at his mum's place near Acle. We all toast my good fortune, me washing up the diverse tea mugs before finding out they've got clear plastic cups on board. The *Maud* below decks is an open hull with a massive stack of brick for ballast, tea things on the brick, camping gear, ropes, and lots of room.

Tim heads back for Wroxham and the push boat takes us home to Womack Water, Linda being the first to think of Joe and go keep him company. We stow the *Maud* and Joe gives me a lift to Ludham Bridge and I row the *Death and Glory* up the Ant, get a tow from near How Hill to Barton Broad from a boat going to Neatishead. I row upwind up Barton Broad and the upper Ant (small, clear, wooded, water lilies) and the people bound for Neatishead pick me up for the last  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile into Stalham, all the moorings in Neatishead were taken. They've passed up several nice wild moorings coming up the Ant. I moor at Stalham staith by the museum and walk to the Greyhound.

Monday: I lounge around and then with my bags I walk to Stalham, the stretch from Hickling to the windmill is particularly pretty. I get a most excellent breakfast at a little shop near Ingham Road before the church in Stalham. At 10:30 the museum opens, spend a couple hours there, buy a book on the *Albion* so I can show people what a wherry is like. Row down the Ant. Wind is from the north but it doesn't pay to sail in the upper Ant because of all the trees. A swallowtail sits on my white shirt trying to run his proboscis into it for five minutes, I can't even blow him off.

Sail around in Barton Broad paying tag with a half-decker that seems to be making a hash of getting up to a mooring on the east side by Wood-end staith. Work down the Ant, stop at How Hill, an imposing thatched mansion overlooking the river, with a little "marshman's cottage" below. Think marshwiggle. Think about what it would have been like to be a fenman (fen is reed and sedge, marsh is grazing land drained by pumping stations). They caught a lot of eels for London markets because they'd stay alive if kept wet.

Row down through Ludham Bridge and up the Bure, get into Horning around 6:00, tie up at the public staith, and settle into my B&B. The keeper, Christine, will make hard-boiled eggs and let me pack my breakfast early. I have a pint and a bad pubgrub supper at the Swan.

Tuesday: 5am I make French-press coffee and fill a stainless steel thermos Christine has thoughtfully set out for me. Pack four slices of whole bread, butter, hard boiled eggs, a tomato. I eat granola, milk, coffee. My goal is to see the upper Bure to Wroxham. I row the *Death and Glory* up to Hoveton Little Broad and sail across to Pound End, can't get in, they've got a fence across the narrow opening. Similarly, I can't get into Decoy Broad, Hoveton Great Broad, or Hudson's Bay.

I beach in Salhouse Broad, walk about looking for a place to pee. Lots of rental cruisers tied up, everybody still asleep. Can't get through to Broad Farm Broad, all those little water connections that show on my explorer Ordnance Survey map are overgrown with trees. I dally in the entrances of a couple of small private broads (including Broad Farm) that are carpeted in water lilies. I row to the south entrance of Wroxham Broad, raise mast and sail and tack well up the broad, past a pleasure wherry, the *White Moth*, moored in the lower end of the broad.

I sail out the north exit, row up into Wroxham, go through the bridge and say hello and thanks to Tim. We share my coffee from the thermos, it's not very hot. I shop for groceries, row up the Bure halfway to Coltishall, then back to Wroxham, eat my lunch at Tim's, and Chris shows up. I thank him for getting me on the *Maud* and for telling me about the museum. Then I ask about where I could rent one of those tourist tub boats to take Kate around the Broads next week and I go look at one. I work my way back down to Horning staith and tie up. Do some laundry in my bathtub at the B&B, no laundry soap! Use their handsoap. Resolve to buy real laundry soap.

Wednesday: I resolve to climb the Ranworth church belltower and to get to South Walsham. I pack my brunch and row/sail from Horning down to Ranworth. I walk the nature trail, learn to distinguish black alder (with little alder cones) from witch hazel (with little green lettuce balls) and finally learn what a "rowan" tree is. Reading Brit lit I'd always taken it to be some stately tree like a beech but it's a mountain ash! No wonder they talk of "gay" rowans.

Learn that much of the Broads ecology is manmade, in Roman times the whole area was under salt water, then the sea levels dropped and people started to cut peat from the bogs. The sea rose again and flooded the peat cuttings, creating the Broads. Reed in the fens must be cut else it will become woodded with willow and alder.

Walk to Ranworth Church, it's closed and won't open until 9:00. I wander down to the Malthouse and realize it soon will be 9:00 (I have no watch on the trip) so I walk back and sure enough someone's opened the church. Climb up the tower and enjoy the splendid view, especially the "old house" to the north. Back downstairs I find there's a huge ancient vellum book under glass, open to where the holy days of December are listed down the left hand page and illuminated Gregorian chants are on the right page. There was one holy day that had been erased fol-

lowing Henry VIII's split with Rome, the day honoring Thomas Becket.

I tack up Malthouse Broad, row up Ranworth Dam and down the Bure to the mouth of the Ant, sail from there down Fleet Dyke to the farthest end of South Walsham Broad and back to the parish staith. I find the dinghy-only staith nearly wholly occupied by the wherry *White Moth*. The skipper says there's a group of artists using the boat for the day, they're all gone for the moment, he apologizes for the lack of mooring and I squeeze around his dinghy to tie up.

Walk to the village, noting that Fairhaven Garden will be a good place to bring Kate. Even better is the little sacristan's garden in the churchyard, full of antique flowers that a sacristan would have used to decorate the church on Sundays. Have a pint at the pub and walk back to the staith, the *White Moth* has gone to the fuel dock but there are two elderly ladies from the wherry painting with watercolors. I have lunch on a bench there. The ladies appreciate the pop of the cork on my wine bottle but neither they nor I have any cups to share it with.

I resolve to spend the next two days exploring east of Potter Heigham so I row/sail down the Bure with the idea of leaving the boat at Ludham, taking the bus back to Horning, and in the morning busing back to Ludham to sail east. I'm getting used to the *Death and Glory*'s rig, I find I can actually tack up the Thurne. I see a small dead deer in the water opposite the village of Thurne, apparently it's an introduced species that swims well and has become a bit of a pest. Tie up at Thurne just to check out the thatched church and buy some laundry soap, the shop is closed but there's a sign saying to ask at the pub, so I do, and the pub man opens up the shop but all they have is dish-washing liquid and hand soap.

Back at the pub I have a pint and the pubmaster gets me a cup of laundry powder from his wife, he ties it up in a plastic bag. I get talking to a guy named Malcolm who's a retired architect and book collector, he ends up taking me to his house and giving me 1930s vintage editions of *Coot Club* and *The Big Six*!! I can't believe it! I carefully stow my books in my waterproof bag and row up the Thurne and Womack Water to Ludham, leaving the *Death and Glory* by the shop where I'd met Joe.

Since I still had half my lunch wine bottle left over and didn't want to lug it back to Horning (it was too late for the last bus), I chug it on an empty stomach, except for the pint I'd had at Thurne. Big mistake. So I stagger back to Horning, quite happy. I check out that indeed there IS a path from Horning church (rather isolated, well east of Horning village) down to the river, so that Kate and I could visit it from a rental boat. Now that's class, a church with its own staith. I could tolerate a lot of bad sermons for that.

At the B&B I tell the proprietor that since the first bus is at 9:15 I'll take my English breakfast at a sane hour tomorrow morning instead of packing hard boiled eggs, check that there's still no visa (it's about to the point where I couldn't use it if it did come), do some more laundry with real soap this time, and crash late.

Thursday: Get up late, have fine breakfast, catch the #54 bus (reading *Coot Club* while waiting) to Ludham, set out in the *Death and Glory*. See a grebe feeding a slender minnow to two chicks on her back. Row

down to the *Maud*, and lo the *Albion* is not there. I speak with several men of the *Albion* trust, return a shackle to the *Maud* that had ended up in my pocket, change from my good pants into shorts in the *Albion* work shed (my boating pants not having dried overnight), spread my boating pants out over the *Death and Glory*'s yard to dry, and row for Potter Heigham. I'd phoned the Falgate pub from my Horning B&B and arranged to spend the night there for £22.50.

Stop at the staith by the old bridge at Potter to take one pack to leave at the Falgate in case I have a long walk back this evening, pay one night and get the key, saw a chap out walking his dog and chatted a bit, learn his name is Robin, mention to him that I hope to be back at the Falgate around 8:00 or so. Row up to Martham Boatyard to check whether I really need to have the dinghy back by 9:00am Friday (tomorrow) per the contract, they're cool if I'm several hours late. Check whether they have a slightly larger dinghy (they do) in case I can row K to Somerton on Monday (that never happened).

Row up Candle dyke (Kendal dyke in *Coot Club*) against a strong wind by Duck Broad to turn off towards Horsey Mere, row the long bit to Horsey, sail Horsey to the windmill. Tie up, get ticket from the pedantic shop man, climb the windmill and read all the exhibits. Head for Horsey village, get a lift the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to the pub by a bloke who runs sailing excursions on the mere, he'd studied marine biology but seemed pretty much a free spirit. Walk past the Nelson Arms though marshes on a path over the dune/flood protection scheme, to the sea. (The bloke told me that if I headed a few grunions south I might see seals, I tried, no seals). I love the sea, grey and foggy and flat and grim.

Walk back to the Nelson Arms (sky-larks!), wait for 6:00 and supper (their "Nelson's Revenge" is the best pint of my trip). Two different people had praised the food at the Nelson, it's a tiny but very comfortable old pub with a good fire burning, several regulars. I eat quickly, the fish pie is indifferent. I'm worried about fog and failing light on the mere. Turns out not to be a problem, I sail the mere and row back to Heigham Sound (the south end of Hickling Broad), sail through Kendal dyke, and row to Potter staith below the old bridge.

Get back to the Falgate around 8:45 and there's Robin, the guy I'd met walking his dog. I stand him a pint though he's already had a couple, I think. We talk. I'm bushed and head for bed after 40 minutes or so. He graciously invites K and me to supper Monday night! It's a very gracious move on his part but I tell him no because I don't want to constrain our schedule, I don't have much time to show K so much. I arrange with the Falgate people to have my breakfast after they open at 12 for lunch because I want to get to Somerton and back again before the thunderstorms predicted for 8:00 Friday morning.

Friday: I'm up at 4:20, light rain, put on my new rain jacket and waterproof pants, walk to the staith and row to Martham Broad. Water is much clearer, I can see the weird underwater water lily leaves. I see two pairs of swans with five cygnets each. Sail to West Somerton staith, tie up. I'm finally getting some expertise in rowing and sailing the *Death and Glory* and my mind is full of sailing constraints. The *Maud* had enough way that she'd move through the bends where the wind was trying to make up its

mind which way to blow, and her huge sail sorted out the eddies in the wind. The little dinghy on the other hand took real patience.

I walk to the (current) St. Mary's church. Row back through Martham Broad under clouds threatening more than the light rain, sail the last bit of the Thurne before Martham boat yard, say goodbye to the *Death and Glory*, praise her to Terry, thank him. The rain has been steady and increasing, and there is now regular thunder (8:30). I walk back to the Falgate, exploring Potter Heigham up to its church, strange how these little country churches are usually well outside the village. Back at the Falgate I take a brief nap, have breakfast around 11:00 (the cook showed up early), sit reading *Coot Club* in the warm and dry.

Time slips by, at noon I grab my bags and barely catch the bus to Great Yarmouth. In Yarmouth I get off at the church, it is close, I wander over the Bure to the train station, decide to stay in Yarmouth, wander back across town through an open air market to the sea side where the locals say there are lots of B&B's. There certainly are and competition must keep the prices down, I only pay £20 at a very nice place. Glad to be rid of my heavy bags, I wander down to the beach, up through the town, eat some jellied eels, some cockles, mussels, and whelk at the open market, ask about the harbor and boats and am told that Lowestoft is the place.

So I take a bus to Lowestoft, wander down to the port, talk some with the skipper of a beautiful old 65' wooden yawl. With a friend he's circumnavigating Britain. They started at the Isle of Wight, went up the Irish Sea, had rough weather across the top of Scotland, and has to be back in a few days. They've stopped here to pick up

wives, buy groceries, and head back to the bus to Great Yarmouth.

Saturday: Early I go for a walk down to the beach, young all-night party people just leaving the bistros to go down to the sands, staggering. The girls order the guys, who are just about comatose, around. I sit in a sheltered spot and write some in this log. Return to my B&B to pack up and have breakfast, then lug my things back across town over the iron bridge over the Bure to the train station. I've got to meet Kate at Luton Airport northwest of London.

On the 9:17 to Norwich an old man shows me his handwritten itinerary, Great Yarmouth to Norwich to London Liverpool Street station (where I'm going en route to Luton), then he must take the tube to Bank, change for Waterloo Station, and catch the train to Leatherhead. He clearly suffers some short term memory loss, keeps starting over and asking when we'll get to Norwich, so I tell him I'm going to London Liverpool Street, too, and that we can travel together. He's much comforted, he's 79 and has this big, old-fashioned, hard suitcase.

There are a lot of windmills dotted around Breydon Water, and many sheep, and racing shells on the Yare, first pulling boats I've seen all week. We get off at Norwich and follow the herd getting quickly on a departing train, everybody is headed the same way, I glance at the electronic display and see the word "Liverpool" near the end, we climb in, it glides out of the station... it's the wrong train. A girl of Indian or Pakistani extraction studying medical textbooks explains, it's going to Liverpool, the city. The conductor says it happens all the time, he reroutes us via Ely and Cambridge.

So we change in Ely and pick up a Lithuanian student who looks more lost than we are and is headed for London, too, and change again in Cambridge and roll into London Liverpool St. Station about half a hour after we would have without the mistake. The old gentleman has to take the tube to Bank and then to Waterloo Station, some lines are closed due to a partial strike, but I find our way.

At Waterloo we have 20 minutes before the next train to Leatherhead. I had used the loo in Cambridge while waiting for the connection but now the old gentleman needs to go. We find the loo (20p) and he takes so long that we nearly miss the train. Of course, it is at the quay farthest from the loo, there are 20 quays or so, so I pick up his suitcase, too (I've got my two bags), and hurry him along. He keeps stopping to adjust his belt which he hasn't got cinched quite right. I put him on the train with 30 seconds to spare, this one he recognizes and I have good faith he will be OK getting off at Leatherhead...

Sunday/Monday/Tuesday: To make a long story short, I make it to Luton, join up with Kate, we drive back to Norfolk and have a blissful three days on the Broads in a little tourist boat with all the hydrodynamics of a bathtub. But what it does it does well, bedroom in the stern, bathroom and kitchen split the midsection, and the hardtop roof of the living room-like foresection rolls back completely. So we can stand on the driver's seat, steer the wheel with our feet, and look down over reedbeds and cow meadows. We have a super time and I show her all the neatest churches and gardens and villages and we don't fear wind or rain, though we don't have much of either, and we take a few pictures which decorate this article.



The *Maud* gets manhandled back into her shed alongside the *Albion*.

Kate and a thatched roof church, Irstead.



Kate and the pleasure wherry *Hathor* at Howe Hill Staithes.

The author and the tourist tub.



## The International Scene

The chairman of a Russian dockers union was beaten and repeatedly stabbed outside his Kalingrad office in mid-morning. The International Transport Workers' Federation asked for a proper investigation.

Venezuela and Exxon Mobil and Conoco Phillips failed to reach agreement on ownership of certain oil fields so do not be surprised if the companies go after Venezuelan possessions elsewhere, such as the Citgo refinery in the US or tankers loaded with crude oil.

Higher pay would only allow mariners to retire earlier, noted a British social sciences expert, so to help attract and keep seafarers, ship owners should insist on regular shore leave and provide funds for wide-ranging welfare provisions onboard. Limited alcohol consumption onboard as part of social integration was one of her recommendations.

The French trawler *Bugaled Breizh* was most probably dragged down by a submarine in 2004 but a French judge ruled it was not a British or Dutch submarine. Possibly something observing the NATO exercises being run?

### Thin Place and Hard Knocks

The usual: In the Azov Sea during bad weather, lumber shifted on the *Capital Star* and its main engine stopped so the tug *Mercury* towed the ship to the port of Kavkaz.

The *Maria*, carrying iron billets from China to Albania, developed a bad leak and sank off Kochi. Fifteen were saved by the tugboats *Baill* and *Baivan* sent to the rescue.

The Iranian cargo ship *Mir Demand* sank in the Sea of Bengal after developing leaks and an engine breakdown during a storm. What happened to the crew of 17 is unknown.

The following news reports seem to contradict each other: One report said the Panamanian ship *Fairchem Steed* sank in the Arabian Sea and its crew of 19 was saved by an unspecified passing vessel, while report #2 stated that the *Alexandra C* sank off the coast of Yemen and its crew of 19 was saved by the *Fairchem Steed*. (Perhaps both reports were true.)

The less-usual: A year ago the empty Indonesian edible-oil tanker *Bina* was caught by a storm and ended up on a Myanmar beach near Lape Island. The vessel was freed after 120 men dug a channel to deeper water. Monsoon rains finally arrived and filled the trench and the ship floated free.

The small Vietnamese tanker *Quang Duc* dragged its anchor near Ho Chi Minh City and struck the cargo vessel *Vinashin Southern 18*. Some oil spilled but both vessels survived.

Five miles off Mangalore in India a crewman fell off the crude oil tanker *Abdul Kalam Azad* in rough seas but the Coast Guard vessel *Kasturba Gandhi* managed to rescue everyone, including the man in the water, and port authorities managed to anchor the now-crewless tanker.

Also in India, military helicopters rescued 18 crew of the grounded Iraqi tanker *Sea Glory* after they had used the ship's rescue boat to reach shore in the Kutch district of Gujarat.

In China a sand-carrier vessel hit the supports of a bridge crossing the Xijiang and knocked down a span and maybe a vehicle or two. The ten on the vessel were saved although one bruised a finger and another hurt his chin. It will take at least half a year to rebuild the bridge.

## Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

People: Somewhere between the Canary Islands and Cape Verde, the master of a Bulgarian ship disappeared.

The US Coast Guard heli-evacuated an injured Chinese seaman off the Liberian flagged container ship *Instruction* in the Gulf of Alaska.

After the fact, the master of the world's oldest square-rigged ship admitted that he had taken the wrong side of a beacon in Oslo Fjord. The 210' *Sørlandet* came off the rocks on the next high tide.

In West Melbourne an Australian dock contractor fell four meters into the hold of the *ANL Explorer*, seriously hurting his head by landing on steel beams. A rescuer then broke his collarbone in the rescue.

In the Philippines a student seaman fell off the *Lake Sampaloc* in Batangas province and his body was not immediately found. He may have hit his head first.

Philippine authorities ruled out foul play when a seaman suffered head injuries when he slipped in the engine room of the *Green Vile 2*.

At Le Havre seven workers were taken to a hospital after being knocked out by chlorophenol fumes leaking from a cargo container on the ferry *Norman Spirit*.

In the UK searchers found a toddler floating face-down near an empty dinghy in the Solent and started searching for his father.

### Gray Fleets

Russian sources said Venezuela has ordered four diesel Amur-class submarines and five Project 636 low-noise submarines with integrated Club-S missile systems from Russia, but the Venezuela Defense minister said, "until now there are no resources allocated for this negotiation." Venezuela also entered into a trade agreement with a Spanish firm for the joint construction of more than 100 fiberglass speedboats.

Australia selected a Spanish design for its next generation of Air Warfare Destroyers over an American firm's design for a more capable but larger and more expensive warship.

Russia's state-run arms exporter Rosoboronexport and France's Thales will cooperate in producing naval equipment.

The Ukraine wants to sell its only submarine. The Foxtrot-class *Zaporizhzhya* has been undergoing a major overhaul for the last ten years but should be ready for a show-and-sell early next year.

Taiwan wants the return of funds that were frozen in Swiss, Liechtenstein, and German accounts when it was revealed that a French government-owned firm had paid bribes concerning the procurement of six Kang Ding-class multi-role stealth frigates in 1991, and a Taiwanese Navy captain who was believed to be ready to blow the whistle on the international corruption was murdered. Some \$34 million was recently released by Germany but over half a billion dollars remain in financial iceboxes.

Three offshore patrol boats or frigates were ordered from a Scottish builder by Brunei but were refused by the Sultanate as being below par (the real reason probably is that the Sultan may have realized that his Navy had only 900 personnel, not near enough to furnish 300 trained sailors to man

the high-technology warships). The frigates are now available for sale and probably will be sold to a navy whose crews do not need heating systems or long bunks. Brunei sailors tend to be short, as do most Asians.

The *USS Swift* (HSV 2), a leased high-speed catamaran car ferry, has been helping train Belize's Coast Guard, Defense Force, and police. Next to be trained are similar forces in the Dominican Republic and Jamaica.

Five US Navy officers were disciplined as a result of the grounding of the destroyer *USS Arleigh Burke* in May. The commanding officer of the undamaged destroyer was relieved of her command, three of her officers were reprimanded, and her boss, the commodore of Destroyer Squadron 2, was awarded "appropriate administrative action." Didn't a very junior Chester Nimitz run the destroyer *USS Decatur DD 5* aground back in 19-ought-something?

### White Fleets

Sickness, usually of the tummy variety, continued afflicting cruise ship passengers. Nine on the *Fram* were sickened while cruising off Greenland and others on the Hurtigruten ships *Midnatsol*, *Finnmarken*, and *Nordlys* also got bitten.

In the Pacific the *Superstar Gemini* had numerous passengers and crew feeling unhappy stomach-wise.

But in New Zealand 11 passengers on the Opawa River tourboat *River Queen* suffered carbon monoxide poisoning as exhaust fumes from the craft's twin Honda 90 outboard engines kept pace with the slow-moving mock-sidewheel vessel.

On the *Freedom of the Seas* a man, last seen on his balcony in the wee hours, went missing and the ship reversed course. He wasn't found. Another man apparently fell off the *Freedom of the Seas* somewhere between Miami and San Juan. He was last seen on his balcony.

The family of another man who fell off the *Mariner of the Seas* in May 2006 sued the company, claiming he had been served five drinks in four hours and the company never intervened to make sure he got back to his cabin safely. Surveillance cameras showed he had napped for two hours in a deck chair before leaning over the railing and losing his balance.

A man jumped off the *Carnival Liberty* some 50 miles off Boca Raton, Florida, and was later found, much more sober, by the Coast Guard.

A Hispanic teenager who had been beaten unconscious, burned with cigarettes, and sodomized with an umbrella pole in 2006, climbed a 60' tower and jumped from the *Ecstasy* en route to Cozumel, Mexico. Although he had seemed cheerful, a 10-year-old girl reported she had heard him say he planned to jump off the ship at first light.

A man who had been out on the town with friends fell 40' on the *Norwegian Majesty* at St. Georges and later died of head injuries in the Bermuda hospital.

The *Oceana* rescued seven Algerians from a small boat off the Balearic Islands. One man later died anyhow.

In Greenland the small cruise ship *Disko II* hit a rock and 54 passengers and tour guides, all Danes, were evacuated to the nearby village of Qeqertarsuaq while authorities decided whether the trip could continue.

During a shore excursion in Jamaica 17 passengers off the *Carnival Conquest* were

robbed at gunpoint by two men while touring a banana plantation.

The owners of the *Sea Diamond*, which sank at the Greek island of Santorini, said they would fight a Greek government fine of \$1.6 million for polluting.

Reports amplified what happened to the cruise ship *Empress of the North*. It had failed to make a course change, hit charted Rocky Island, and then drifted two miles before ending up on Hanus Reef where evacuation took place.

The *QE2* was sold to Dubai interests in a deal worth £50 million and will become a hotel and retail/entertainment center. The 1969-built ship, the longest in service of any Cunarder, would have needed extensive, expensive renovations in 2010 to comply with new IMO regulations coming into effect then.

The *Athena* was chartered to provide hotel rooms during a giant conference at Aberdeen. Six nights, breakfasts and dinners, and coach transfers will cost \$1,495 (about \$3,000).

Saudi Arabia is giving two bran new fast ferries worth \$160 million to the Egyptian government to ensure that pilgrims safely reach holy places in Saudi Arabia. The ferries are being built in Australia and should be in service by year's end.

### Those That Go Back and Forth

Nine passengers of a dugout canoe died and another 22 were missing after a nighttime collision with a passenger ship on Lake Kivu in the Democratic Republic of Congo. Such small craft are usually overloaded, travel at night, and show no lights.

In Nigeria another dugout carrying about 40 capsized after hitting an object in the night and about 20 died.

Two ferries collided in Boston Harbor in thick fog. The outbound *Laura* carrying four crewmen sliced into the *Massachusetts* carrying 151 commuters. Only minor injuries.

In India the Paturia-bound *Shah Paran* and the *Enayatpuri* collided head on but only 15 were injured, and those slightly.

Last month ferries seem to be associated with madness in various forms. A wealthy British farmer, driving his Land Rover at speeds up to 95mph, hit a woman's car on a motorway, it flipped over, she died, and then he departed the scene after giving his details to another (who phoned police), all so he could make a ferry. He later testified that he didn't think the accident was serious. He will serve two-and-a-half years in jail.

The crew of the San Francisco high-speed ferry *Del Norte* rescued a naked woman swimmer near the Golden Gate Bridge.

In British Columbia a woman heading for a ferry drove over a signboard, through an unoccupied tollbooth, rear-ended a van, and then hit several other vehicles. Police think she was trying to kill herself.

In Quebec an armed man drove his car onto a ferry. Officers tried to negotiate but noise from the ferry's engines made it difficult to talk so the ferry was anchored and the engines shut down. Eventually the man allowed other passengers to disembark without incident and about an hour later police arrested him after a struggle.

### Legal Matters

A US court fined the Greek company Calypso Marine \$1 million for dumping oil on the high seas through an oily water separator bypass pipe on its *Tina M*. The ship's chief engineer pleaded guilty and faces sentencing.

Turkey fined some 300 ships, 89 of them under the Turkish flag, for polluting the Marmara and Black Sea coasts as well as the Bosphorus.

China sentenced a ship owner and captain to three years in jail for not preventing an accident. The ship dumped 900 tons of sulfuric acid into the Grand Canal after patches using liquid soap, glue, and iron flakes failed to seal holes in the hull and the vessel kept on sailing until it capsized. Did the acid eat the holes, hmm?

Canada has enacted stricter rules concerning marine pollution. For example, cargo sweepings can no longer be dumped overboard.

Eight executives from British, French, Italian, and Japanese companies were indicted in the US of conspiring to fix prices and rig bids for hoses used to connect tankers to shore terminals and the like.

### Metal-Bashing

Bigger and ever bigger container ships, that was last month's news. Several firms signed letters of intent for or ordered 12,500-teu ships and the latest count of orders, actual or potential (options), for that class is 56 ships.

China joined Korea, Japan, and Denmark as being capable of building supercontainer ships. A VLCS (very large container ship) with a capacity of 8,530 teu was recently built by Hudong-Zhanghua Shipbuilding (Group). The first of five similar ships, it is 1,096' long and will travel at 27kts.

In ship-breaking, India plans to draft "the international convention for safe and environmentally sound recycling of ships" for consideration by the IMO. India wants ships that may be scrapped within its bounds to arrive free of hazardous materials.

Pakistani scrappers threatened to stop importing scrap vessels unless the government withdraws a planned sales tax hike.

The European Commission banned the export of old ships to Bangladesh. No plans were announced about the 32 ship-breaking yards and 700 steel rolling mills that would be affected by the ban nor the 25,000 direct laborers and some 300,000 indirect laborers who would lose their jobs.

In the UK the Hartlepool Borough Council changed its attitude in view of the government's planning policy regarding ship recycling, and so Able UK will probably be able to scrap the four ex-US Navy ships lying at its piers. But Able UK had to give up the contract to scrap another nine similar ships.

### Nature

Monsoon rains and winds in India caused more than a dozen capsizes of ships, tugs, and barges.

Reef destruction triggered a Cayman Island governmental ban on cruise ships anchoring in tourist destination Spotts Bay. Cruise ships can still enter the Bay as long as they use engines to hold position and do not anchor.

Two ships were ashore on India's Portandar coast and officials feared that the *Shujat-III* and *Arcadia Progress* might break up and dump their bunkers

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Shortly after Canada announced that it would build six or eight frigate-sized vessels to maintain its territorial rights and sover-

ignty in the Far North, the US Navy announced that it "absolutely" needs to boost its presence up there, too, and the US Coast Guard started looking for funding to replace two of its three icebreakers.

Terrorism and piracy last month by area:

Sri Lanka: The *Farah II* was reported as stripped clean by Tamil Tiger rebels before the ship was turned over to the Red Cross.

Somalia and the Red Sea: Six Indian warships started patrolling the Gulf of Mannar, Palk Strait, and Palk Bay (the area between India and Sri Lanka).

Red Sea and Somalia: The North Korean freighter *Sea Prince* went missing off the Horn of Africa and may have been hijacked. Eritrean pirates hijacked an Egyptian fishing vessel and held 23 crew members for ransom. And the IMO called for international police action in the Somalian area against piracy and armed robbery, particularly of ships carrying humanitarian aid, and asked that the UN Secretary-General bring the matter to the Security Council.

Malacca Strait: Malaysia's police chief warned that terrorism is still a major threat in the Strait area.

Strait of Hormuz: Experts said hostile actions by warring nations or even terrorist attack pose little threat to individual tankers or the flow of oil worldwide.

Nigeria: Little piracy last month but yet another labor strike caused more than 60 ships to anchor outside Lagos ports.

Elsewhere: UK and Dutch seafarers thought that higher manning levels were their best protection against piracy.

### Odd Bits

Age is no problem for LNG carriers, said a trade organization, noting that several are over 30 years old and one, Blue Sky LNG's *Cinderella*, is over 40 years old. The group recently urged that it may be time to start a public awareness campaign to counter age related criticism. Its position is there is no reason why LNG tankers should not continue to operate well past their 40th birthday.

A trail of broken bits led marine archeologists to a sunken ship in the South China Sea. The vessel seems to have carried a considerable amount of Ming Dynasty porcelain. And the vessel seems to be contemporary. Authorities knew something was out there because local fishermen had been finding Ming Dynasty china bowls. The ship was discovered just a few days after salvage operations started on a Song Dynasty ship.

### Head-Shakers

A bull fell into a ditch on a remote farm near Strommilchan in Argyll and Bute. How to get him out? The Scottish SPCA put in a call to the Royal Navy which sent a Search and Rescue Sea King helicopter to fit the beastie in a net and carry it a mile or so to where a vet could look at a possibly broken leg. The SPCA, the farmer, and the bull were grateful.

Most tanker owners now have a "zero-tolerance" policy about alcohol so when two crewmen returned from a shore visit somewhat intoxicated, they were immediately fired. What happened next was the writing of much paperwork, travel by company officials, preparation of new training programs, bulletins sent to all ships, and production of a major report to the oil company. Cost to the tanker owner? About \$100,000, all because of "a couple of beers."

I first had an idea for making carved rocking horses which involved making rockers that I had to steam bend, cut to shape, or laminate. I settled for laminate bending. I guess any of these would be fine if done correctly but it is up to the person doing the building as to what works best. However, there is a real art to one of them, "steam bending," an art worth learning.

After several years of using other methods I decided to learn more about steaming wood. I decided it was time to learn some new tricks. I also have a great interest in building boats and steam bending is definitely a part of that work if you do anything other than stitch and glue. Boat building is one interest that will provide some of the best feelings about yourself and what you have built. It is a great feeling when someone walks up and asks, "Hey, did you build that?" and then they say "Wow!" It does wonders for the self-esteem.

Back to the steaming system. I had seen a few ideas in books and on the internet but when I started checking out the truth about what works and what does not, I was amazed. There are several methods that will work and one must be very careful as to what one tries. Some are just plain dangerous and it may be taking your life in your hands when trying a few of these. Not everything on the internet is true and should be looked at with great scrutiny.

For a person who is looking to do just a few steaming jobs, or maybe just one and never again, then one of the gas can (new can, please) and burner with a radiator hose in a box of some type will work fine. But I have never heard of anyone who has tried steam bending who did not want to do it again, it is contagious. For a system that will work for more than a few jobs and perform well every time, I suggest putting some effort and as much time as possible into the project of building the steamer and steam box.

Any open flame is a danger at the very beginning, not a safe idea. Also, not knowing much about steam can get one hurt or someone else. There is only one word that comes to mind when building a steamer and steam box. Safety! If one cannot think safety while building, than do not build. I guess I just do not like getting hurt. A steam burn is really a bad burn, one which will be remembered.

I build my system using some items that may seem unusual for their purposes and not the first method one would think of. Nevertheless it works and is safer than an open flame system. I have tested this to great extent. I have great confidence in its operation and its safety. I use PVC and electricity to generate more than enough steam for a 3'-10"x6"x10" steambox. It may take a bit more time and cost a few dollars more than just using a gas can and a burner, but it's well worth the effort, time, and money. I have run my system for more than 12 hours at a time without any problems and adding water to the supply tank will not interrupt the steam. No, I cannot guarantee that it is the safest system, I cannot control how one builds, and it is up to each builder to build it as safely as possible. The plans will show how and then it is up to the builder.

I use a 5gal plastic bucket for the supply tank, this sets to the side and is connected to the boiler with a hose. The supply tank is set in a manner so it supplies the boiler with water as needed. Connecting the supply tank with the proper fittings and controlling the tank makes the difference in its operation.

## Building a Steaming System Something Different

By Ernie Parvis



Setup with 3" steam pipe and rectangular plastic water tank, no steam box fitted as yet.

Complete steamer with 5gal plastic pail water tank and steam box in place.



The supply tank is connected to the boiler, the boiler uses only water as it is needed and sends steam to the steam box. The way this boiler is set up makes the system work, using PVC. PVC can be used for the boiler in this method if certain conditions are met. This boiler uses no flame and can easily supply a steam box of 3' to 10' long and 10" wide by 6" deep without any problem. A steam box this size makes it possible to steam a lot of wood at one time. I do recommend the larger boiler system for steam boxes 10' to 20' long. These boilers and steam boxes will steam a lot of wood. A twin boiler system can be set up, or a larger boiler used for the larger system boxes.

The steam tube is one of tried and tested results. The volume of the steam in the box is a result of the capacity of the steam tube, along with the boiler. If the tube or hose going from the boiler to the steam box is too small, having too small an inside diameter, the volume needed to fill the box will not get to it. This all affects the temperature inside the box and the degree of efficiency in steaming to the wood, again size is important.

The steam box is the heart of the steaming process, so how it is built will determine how well and how fast one can bend wood. The box should be well insulated, retaining the heat means using less fuel to steam the wood with less condensation. A heavy well-made box of 2"x8"s of cedar or other rot resistant wood is a good start. It must have a good drain hole that will not let outside air in. The way the wood to be steamed is positioned in the box makes a great difference in the time to steam a pieces of wood. The dowels that hold the wood must be located at points to let the steam flow all around them and hold the wood at the hottest point in the box.

Steam loses heat fast and becomes condensate, we want the steam to not lose heat and to flow from one end of the box to the other and exit the front of the box in a belowing boil. I tilt the box down at the back end to let the steam flow from back to front, but not too fast.

The steam box is located over the boiler and supply tank to keep everything in one easy-to-use unit. The whole system is on wheels mounted to the platform to which everything else is mounted. This makes it very portable, when not in use just roll it aside, and when needed it can be rolled out to the job. If the steam box is close to the work area, there will be more time in which to bend the wood before it cools too much.

A few of the ideas I have seen on the internet involve using PVC pipe for a steam box. Well it would not leak or rot but it gets very hot, if caution is not taken it can be a real bomb. It will sag if too long and dissipates heat fast. If a 2"x4" is used under the PVC and a rag for a plug, a good job can be done doing only a few pieces of wood.

As with any method of steaming, there are going to be issues of safety. Take the time to look at what can happen, it may not, but what if? PVC in any length over 3' will sag and deform. Using PVC for a steam box is not a good idea. Note here that schedule 80 PVC will do a very fine job, schedule 80 PVC is also very expensive, about two to three times that of schedule 40 PVC. I can see the steam rolling already from those out there who are using PVC for a steam box. Remember this is just my idea of what works and what will not. One must decide for himself and one's safety.

The method of using a wooden steam box seems a bit out there at first, but when looking at the possibilities and how it can be used and reused many times, it is well worth a second look. A good wooden box of the proper size will make the best use of the steam. Size does count in this case. There are other small issues such as condensate drainage, flow of steam in the box, and placement of wood in the box. Insulating the outside of the steam box correctly means less heat loss, thus increasing efficiency.

The boiler or method of heating the water is the single most important issue. One can use that gas can, NEW GAS CAN, and a burner from an old stove or just go out and buy a new burner. When deciding on the burner, remember, it must be able to boil the amount of water you intend to use. A small burner will not boil a 5gal can of water as fast as a larger burner will, but if one has all day... As already said, any open flame, especially if it is inside the shop, is a danger. Just use one's head when building a system, burning down one's shop and maybe oneself just is not worth any project. Safety is the most important aspect of this project!

I use a boiler that can be re-used time after time, I have run my steamer for as long as 12 hours without any problems, and after more than a year's worth of use it's still steaming along. I can also add water to the supply tank, which is separate from the boiler, and not lose a bit of steam or even slow it down. It is also important to say here that a boiler or any part of the system must not be an airtight enclosure, the steam must have a good easy path to the steam box and an easy exit from the steam box.

Yes, I build steaming systems as well as selling plans for the system. However, this has come after a lot of research and trial-and-error. My system may not be what you are looking for, but that is OK. You do what fits you best

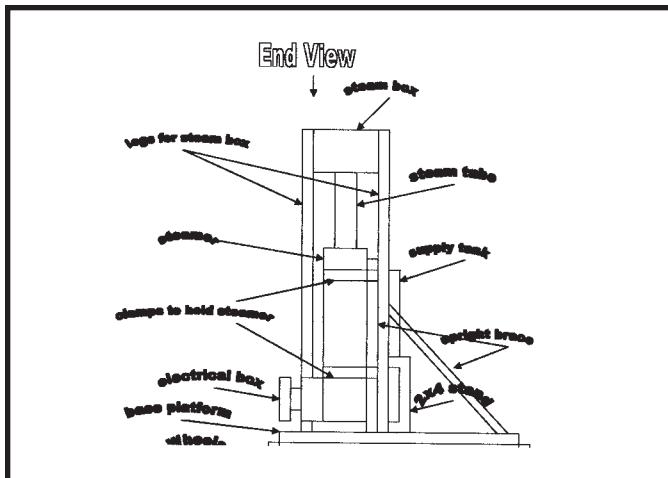
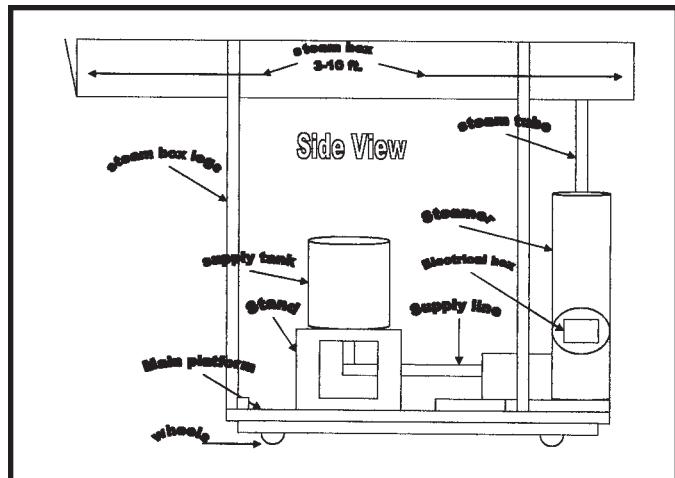
and safely. I must say, everyone has their own ideas of what makes a good steam box, steamer, and method of bending the wood. One must just find the one that works best but should not let safety slide to do it faster or cheaper.

I could go on and on here about what is best or dangerous but everyone has to decide these issues for themselves. Do the research and look with an open mind at what could be done with a bit of forethought. There are many ideas out there, find one, and discover what can be done.

I do want to say a few things again about safety. Whenever using a steam system remember that steam is hard to see, a small hole in the steam box or hose or anywhere can result in burns. With an open flame sys-

tem, keep a fire extinguisher on hand and in reach. Keep a watch on the water supply, if it runs too low the boiler could burn out and possibly start a fire. A steam box holds a lot of steam, use good leather gloves and safety glasses when adding or removing wood to the steam box. Always stand to the side when opening the box. Work in a well-ventilated area, keep it clean, with no sawdust lying on the floor if using an open flame. When the project is finished, or stopping for the day or lunch, check and make sure everything is off. Just be careful and watch out for yourself and others when in your shop, life is short, enjoy it... Work Safely!

Ernie Parvis, 2155 S. Kitley, Indianapolis, IN 46203



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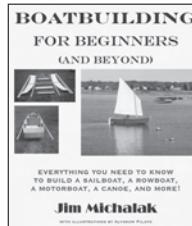
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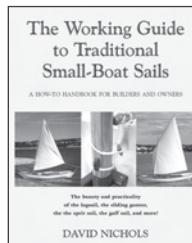


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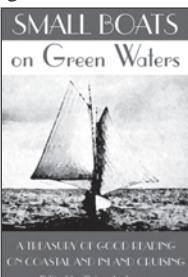


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I have been working on the San Juan kayak project discussed in earlier issues off and on since January but now spring is here, time to get it done.

There was one more hole in the bottom that needed my attention, the one next to the forward bulkhead. The bulkhead had to come out to get the space I needed to patch this hole. I already had the curved board that I needed to close up this hole. I had made it over a year earlier when I first got the boat. That patch went in just like the larger patches described earlier and the new bulkhead went in after the patch was cured. The large patches on the bottom had been patched from inside and would probably be strong enough and waterproof, but I wanted to beef them up more and get things smooth and fair.



Bottom seam repaired from the inside.

At this point the boat was put on the horses so it was waist high and the smoothing operation began. I started by sanding off any of the thickened epoxy that had dribbled through when making the patches. I next began feathering out the edges of the holes. The hull was over a  $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick so there was a depression that deep at each patch. I sanded down the edges of these holes back about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " so there was now a clean new surface to which to bond. When this was done and swept clean I cut out several patches that would lay in the holes. These were simply fillers to help bring things up to grade.



Large holes in bottom faired and patches ready to go in.



I cut one more patch that was slightly larger than the hole so it would bond onto the freshly feathered edge. These patches all got the epoxy treatment in at one time. When cured the surface was still slightly lower than the hull so it was time for the Bondo.

Wonderful stuff, Bondo. I use it a lot on jobs like this. It should not be used below the waterline on boats that will remain in the water. 3M makes a product for that. My kayaks are dry stored so I use Bondo. It is another one of those wonders of modern

## In My Shop

# Making It Smooth

By Mississippi Bob

chemistry. Bondo sets up fast so small batches must be mixed that can be used within a few minutes. Repeated passes have to be made with the stuff but it is so easy to mix and apply that that is not a problem.



Bondo on the deck.

I often use a small piece of cardboard for a palette. I will place a small glob of Bondo on the palette, then add a small amount of the catalyst. The catalyst is colored, which aids in the mixing. As the two parts are mixed together the color change indicates when there is enough hardener. I mix it quickly until the entire batch is uniform in color and get it onto the project quickly, there isn't much time to work it.

Within minutes sanding can begin. Most of this is really fairing. I am not yet trying to make things smooth, at this stage I am just trying to fair things up. I have two fairing boards that I have made and used for several years. Both of my boards are as long as two lengths of my sand paper and equal to one third sheet in width. One board is made from  $\frac{1}{8}$ " plywood and the other from  $\frac{1}{4}$ " stuff. Both have round knobs fastened near each end. The thicker one is covered with some #40 3M green stuff and the other with #60 production paper. The paper is held in place with sanding disc adhesive and can be easily changed when it wears out.



Using the a fairing board.

In this fairing operation the goal is to knock down all the high spots only. I often have to add more Bondo to the low spots. They are easy to spot as they are the only parts that don't show the scratches from the sanding. When no more low spots are to be seen it is time to continue fairing with the finer grit paper. When I have cut down to where the gel coat is going away I know I have a faired surface.

On a job like this kayak repair I like to get all the repaired areas faired to this stage, then out comes the power sander with fairly fine paper. The entire surface now gets sanded with #100 grit getting it ready for paint.



Bondo after fairing. The darker color is the original surface after sanding off some gel coat, the lighter grey is Bondo.

I learned a long time ago that it is often easier to paint the whole surface than to try to touch up spots. I happen to like Interlux Brightside paint. It is a medium hard enamel. Brightside comes with a primer that is used first. This primer is a sandable material that is laid on fairly heavily. Then it is sanded until there is a translucent covering of paint. This primer fills a lot of small pin holes and scratches, providing a good base for the finish coats. I won't try to tell you how to get that perfect finish, I never do. I am satisfied with a good workboat finish.



Laying on some primer.

The boat was painted very close to its original colors, a bright yellow deck and Hatteras Off-White hull. This is one of my favorite colors for a boat hull. I have painted several canoes I have built using that color. The boat had a black band around its middle, a molding strip that holds the halves of the boat together. This molding was in bad shape. Just like the deck it had several holes through it that had to be filled with something.

I thought about the different caulkings that were available. 5200 would have been a good choice, it is available in black, but my supplier of 5200 is a long drive away. At the local WalMart I found a product called Liquid Electrical Tape. A small can cost \$4.95 and came with a brush built into the lid. I went around the boat twice painting over the holes and trying to fill them. On the third pass they were closed. I then used the remainder of the can painting the entire molding. This cleaned up the molding pretty well.

I had contacted the original maker, Eddyline, earlier and bought the original decals. They went on at this point. This really dressed the boat up. I also remounted some of the deck hardware to hold some black bungee cord I had on hand and it went on with the help of some hog rings. I did buy a Minnesota license for the boat. I had to jump through a bunch of hoops to get this, but by getting it now I will save the buyer from jumping through all the same hoops.

I do plan to sell the boat. I have five solo canoes, a solo kayak, a couple of rowboats, and a sailboat. I don't really need a 20' kayak that doesn't fit very well into my shop. Anyone with a wife and kids who like to paddle together might find this to be just the perfect boat.

I began with lines A, B, and C using the dimensions discussed in Part I. No science was used to produce these lines, pure eyeball action! Then I measured H1 on the Profile and drew a rectangle 30" wide x H1 high. Within this rectangle I drew the mid-section, eyeballed again.

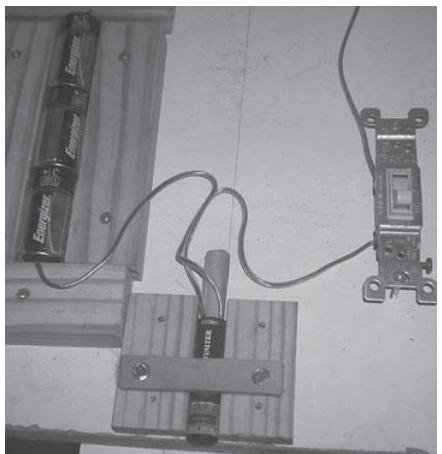
Next I drew three station lines (these later become positions of the moulds) at 28.5" ( $19' \div 8$ ) and measured H2 and W2. I copied Section 4, then using the scaling functions of AI I adjusted the height and width to H2 and W2 producing Section 3 (the lines within this "box" that define the shape are scaled as part of the box producing the new shape shown in Section 3). This was repeated for the other two sections. As this is a double ender, sections 5-7 will be the same as sections 3-1.

Now comes the hard part. I measured the height and width of the chines (C1, C2) on Section 4 and marked these off on the Profile and Plan respectively. This was repeated at the other three sections. I then drew lines through these points and to my delight found them to be absolutely fair (for

## A Cheap Level

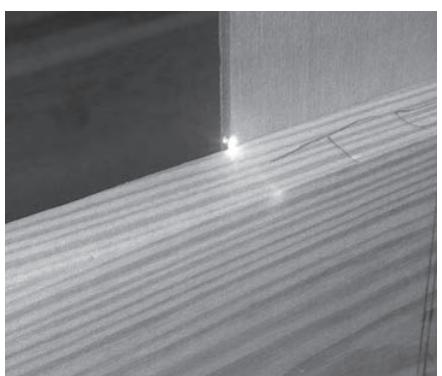
Readers might be amused by the laser level that I built for \$5. The advantage of a laser beam over a stretched wire is, firstly, it doesn't have to be threaded through the moulds before putting them on the strong back, and secondly, I have never tripped over a laser beam.

I used the old fashioned "water in tube" method to level the beam. The height should be chosen to correspond with a suitable waterline, which is marked on the moulds while they are being built.



Laser setup.

Closeup of laser alignment spot.



# An Imperfect Compromise

## Part II

### How I Used Adobe Illustrator (AI) to Draw the Sections and to Loft the Design

By Malcolm Fifer

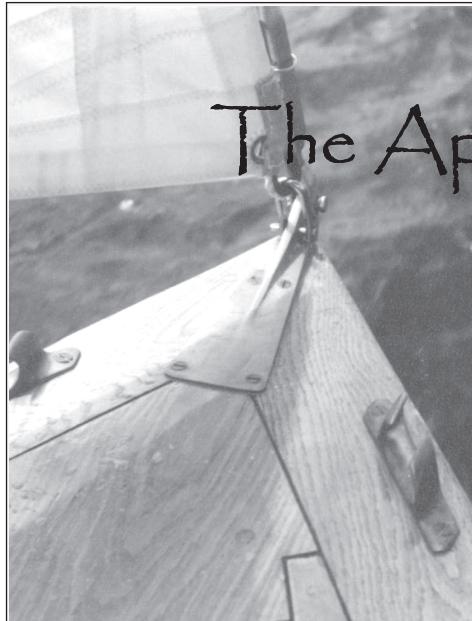
those of you unfamiliar with AI the test of fairness is that the lines may be drawn with two handles only.

The height and width measurements of C1 and C2 are taken from the four sections on the Profile and Plan respectively and become the Offsets (the keel H and deck H and W are also measured). The only remaining requirement is to define the bow, which is obvious from the drawing.

I am certain that this method does NOT produce a conical development but it does produce a very sweet shape that is probably equivalent to a conic with moving generator points and the plywood followed the curves with no effort at all.

I have also used AI as a lofting tool. If you doubt the accuracy let me explain. For the above I set up a 20"x10" document, which represents a 20' lofting floor. AI works to an accuracy of 0.0001" which scales up to 0.0012" at 20'. The best possible with wooden splines is  $\frac{1}{6}$ " (0.063") so accuracy is not the issue. Secondly, it is easier to move a line in AI (no eraser required), and thirdly, it is easy to take measurements as the "Info Window" reports exactly where the cursor is all the time. The down side is that the measurements end up in decimal feet but if these are entered into Excel that is quickly remedied.

If you have a friend who is big in graphic arts then ask to borrow his/her Mac or PC and experiment as AI is too expensive to purchase just to loft the occasionally boat. Any questions or criticisms Email: msfifer@bellsouth.net



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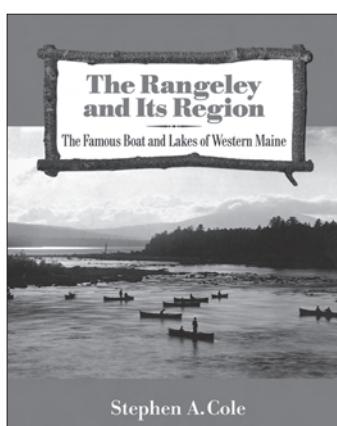
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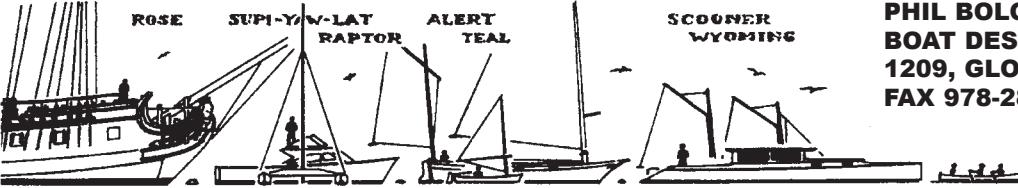
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Over the last four issues we introduced our general understanding of the serious problems in the Northeast's fisheries and, in many ways, that of the world's. And we offered a completed design for an entry level 30' inshore fishing craft as one example of our response to this calamity. To recall, we observed the decline in resource availability just as hardware, hull materials, and fuel costs were doubling and tripling.

This "Perfect Storm" of adversity (we could not resist) was on the one hand the result of taking too much for too long by the industry together with as yet little understood ecological changes triggered by shore emitted pollution from industry and one more subdivision in the watershed, resulting in the declining levels of too many species for scientists, regulators, and particularly environmental watchdog groups to stand by as the list of endangered marine species was projected to grow exponentially, a few already are deemed commercially extinct.

Lawsuits and regulation forced progressively harsher limits upon the industry with fleets being thinned out drastically, down from levels that certainly would not have been sustainable for any extended period of time. Sustainability of the resource is, at last, very clearly understood as directly connected to the sustainability of the fleet and thus socio-economics of the fishing communities ashore.

On the other hand, the cost of building and running fishing craft went up at an unprecedented pace to unprecedented levels by the growing demand on the world's energy and construction material supplies, primarily by rapidly developing India and China, not to mention thirst and hunger for these resources growing in the US. One example close to home is the fact that over the last 15 years the Northeast has chosen to consume 60% more energy without a commensurate increase in population.

What has increased is the size of houses which house smaller families, built of late '70s building code thin wall/high energy loss construction, located in sprawling subdivisions farther and farther away from places of work, thus dictating longer commutes by more people at lower average commuting speeds; i.e., more slow/inefficient congestion while public transportation has not been able to keep up in its development since too many folks dislike riding it, favoring routinely being chocked in massive and regular traffic jams morning and night. Screwing in a few high-tech light bulbs and tossing out the old water heater won't put a dent in that blind consumption mania. By admittedly rare opportunity, but also by choice and then careful plotting, we at PB&F commute some 20' from bedroom to office, ditto for the folks at the *MAIB* publishing empire.

We all have a hand in this reality and have thus choices to improve matters. Fishermen certainly have yet to make similar decisions of working as well with a lesser

## Bolger on Design

### Messing About in Fishing Boats

#### Chapter 5

energy footprint, if not better. Anyone who dislikes unhappy foreign policy engagements can do a lot to not force future conflicts primarily rooted in their personal gorging on oil owned by unpleasant folks far away.

Dialing back energy consumption to that sourced from non-renewable domestic supplies and by connecting to the near infinity of renewables is technically within immediate reach and for the average family financially the equivalent of one midsize sedan. That can right now buy the perpetual reduction of the average home's fuel consumption down to 50% or less by rather low-tech means of massive insulation combined with a forced ventilation heat exchanger for premium indoor air quality. Only then are higher tech measures such as solar panels a plausible investment to aim towards the Holy Grail of Zero Energy footprint by producing yourself the energy you cannot do without.

We at PB&F did the first step eight plus years, ago to only burn some 160 gallons of heating oil for the year here in Gloucester, where we understand the average is multiples of that. And a single 12,000btu window-hung AC unit suffices to keep this 1,800sf house, office, and shop dry and comfortable when we should be at the beach.

The same reasoning drives our approach to tackling the effects of the "Perfect Storm" raging in the fisheries. We cannot produce more fish, only time and scientific observation will assure recovery of the stocks while fishermen are suffering the flip side of former riches. But learning to live with multiplying energy costs while the resource is limited takes a very drastic shift in thinking and daily habits. For five years now we've seen the need for designers to offer their support to the industry in the form of rapidly evolving concepts and designs that promise much higher degrees of plausibility for the fisherman to accept and live within the scientifically determined levels of resource sustainability while remaining commercially viable.

The good thing is that there are enough fishermen out there who run their spreadsheets with more coherence than we do and who thus will perk up if what we're proposing sounds halfway plausible. For them we have outlined, and will continue to, our perspective of opportunities to tread more lightly by design, by construction, by operation, and choice of fishing methods. We claim that by design it is possible to fish within the limits of resource sustainability, which in turn

seems the only way to assure sustainability of the fleet and the socio-economics of fishing communities ashore as well. The versions of the inshore 30-footer mentioned in Chapters 2 through 4 is just one example of our overall approach.

Here is a well-developed concept study for a much larger proposal picked as a good compromise across several fisheries for inshore and offshore utility. It matured between 2002 and 2006. In the September 2004 issue of the *National Fisherman* an earlier version of this project was presented and then named one of the year's "Best Ideas" in the January 2005 issue. You will recall our choice in naming the type, similar to designating diesel engines, by using key attributes. This is "30K220/70D," capable of carrying 30,000lbs of fish and ice, running on 220hp, with a length of 70', and of a displacement speed hull shape. It will get a more lyrical name in due time...

Here goes the 2005 text in staccato fashion:

#### 30K220/70D

##### **Basics:**

Inshore/offshore fisherman based on Principles of Sustainability.

Long lining, gill netting, inshore/offshore lobstering, purse seining, and other less power intensive methods, although relatively modest. Dragging is clearly possible as well. She can carry a modest yawlboat or two in tandem on a stern ramp.

Sustainability by design in structural material, construction methods, operation parameter, and fishing methods.

This means renewable resource based hull material, lowest necessary hardware cost by minimizing systems complexity, and least unavoidable fuel burn for political and product quality gains.

This reduces project cost and operational expense in times of tight or relaxed regulations and it offers greater resilience from fuel price rises as China and India will overshadow the US in consumption over the next decade. Restructuring the fleet takes time. How much resilience to absorb further blows to the bottom line is left now?

Sustainability of owner and crew, equally important, is supported here by lower debt burden, lower maintenance intensity and fuel burn per catch, and lower replacement cost, while this concept also reduces hazards to owner and crew with structural unsinkability, lower operating noise, relatively generous work deck length, high positive buoyancy bulwarks just locally modified to match given fisheries, faster transit travel to and from the grounds, just under 11kts.

##### **Ergonomics:**

Two bunks, head, shower cell, personal lockers in the foc'sle.

Wheelhouse with helm seat, chart table and stowage, wetlocker, full galley and full (four-man) dinette convertible to wide single berth for third bunk duty.

Workdeck length: 40'11".  
Workdeck width fwd: 12'3".

Workdeck width stern: 7'1".

Minimal engine noise in wheelhouse due to soft-mounted engine some 30' aft of helm.

Limited engine noise signature on workdeck due to air intake baffling and super critical dry muffler.

Engine room access through off-center island with large hinged workdeck hatch for quick engine removal or extended repair without headroom limitations.

High solid bulwarks where possible (fisheries-dependent) for crew protection and reliable 90+ degree roll recovery beyond house buoyancy in extreme sea conditions.

#### Power:

Saltwater-independent machinery in general except for stern bearing.

No sea cocks, chest, any underwater dissimilar metals through hulls except for stern bearing.

Air/water cooled main engine with heat available in wheelhouse, on workdeck, in water heater.

Wet sleeve six-cylinder 436cid blown/intercooled 220hp@cont duty saltwater independent engine.

No gen set but multiple large frame/large amps alternators on engine for rugged redundancy.

Large batteries, ready to power serious load intermittent electro-hydraulic, electro-mechanical, and electro-pneumatic power applications with engine on or off.

Minimum of two large battery banks in separate locations in hull for full redundancy.

Minimum battery capacity total of 3,950ah@,12v, plus starter circuit.

Base line fuel capacity variable, shown here at around 1,500 gals, transatlantic range well doable.

#### Structure and Construction:

Least overhead Greenfield construction (under temporary shelter).

Short distance roadable structure at maximum 30,000lbs dry on trailer weight.

With one experienced foreman nearly Green Building Crew construction.

Renewable resource based hull material; i.e., mostly US-grown marine plywood, with oil based epoxy, foam, and glass used only to extend the life and enhance the utility of this wooden structure.

Plywood core epoxy glass monocoque structural envelope with minimal framing.

Reinforced throughout with styrene foam and plywood/glass interior sheathing for hard surface with maximum hull skin thickness exceeding 9" in way of the heavily insulated fish hold.

Unsinkability by structure, NOT by inherently less reliable compartmentation! We have used plywood core construction for over four decades.

Plywood core construction has proven durable with individual hulls surviving over several decades.

Plywood core construction is very DOABLE.

Plywood core construction needs only lowest upfront investment in the form of modest shop tools and hand power tools, certain jigs and, in this case, 3-ton gantries, mostly recyclable or sellable.

Plywood is the only choice for rapid one-off construction of custom hulls (100+')

that require the inherent positive attributes listed here.

Hulls built this way can be extensively modified without violating any matrix and compromising underlying structural integrity.

These hulls can be further armored in high-wear areas with through bolted sheet materials including UHMW, steel, aluminum, copper, and bronze.

These structures can be repaired with same hand power tools.

Decayed or damaged structures can be rebuilt in layers to exactly match just the extent of the problem.

Decades from now doubling a soft aging hull is conceivable, after that has dried out, by essentially adding a structural outer layer to the old hull. While physically heavier, the recycled hull will actually float a little higher in the water as the added layers of several inches of plywood and glass will weigh less than its inherent buoyancy/bulk in the water.

#### Preliminary Specifications:

Length overall: 69'11"

Length waterline static: 64'9"

Beam overall: 14'7"

Beam waterline: 12'9"

Beam bottom: 12'

Draft over skeg: 3'1"

Draft hull only: 2'

Draft maximum board: 8'2"

Air-Draft above waterline: minimum of 13' over exhaust stack.

Displacement completed boat (no gear, fuel, or ice): approximately 30,000lbs

Displacement full load at waterline:

61,000lbs including fuel and ice.

Displacement at 6"overload (3'7" draft):

71,000lbs

Fishhold capacity: 980cf in two holds

Fishhold maximum height: 4'4"

Fuel tankage (shown): approximately 1,500gals in four tanks

Freshwater tankage: 390gals

Maximum hull speed (nominal) with shown power: near 11kts

The *National Fisherman* article brought very limited but serious feedback from a few commercial fishermen. One of them is Dan Edwards out in BC as mentioned in earlier chapters. Another is a Maine owner/operator of two vessels who mentioned interest in the new four-letter word in the modern fisheries, "SAIL." In a future installment of our narrative we'll discuss one interpretation of using sail on a 21st century fishing craft. Since Phil wrote the book *100 Rigs* in 1983, we think we've got a seasoned angle on using wind power to produce a, you guessed it, Hybrid Fishing Vessel; i.e., a motor sailer that might add another 15-25% of fuel burn reduction in daily fishing industrial application. But it sure won't look like any of ye olde tyme geometries developed before the invention of the marine engine.

The principles outlined here offer food for thought for a range of quite unrelated uses, from institutional research craft (fisheries!) opportunities, over island ferry duty and patrol craft uses to their application as global roaming liveaboard using a different layout.

More on "Messing About In Fishing Boats" next time, unless something more urgent comes up...



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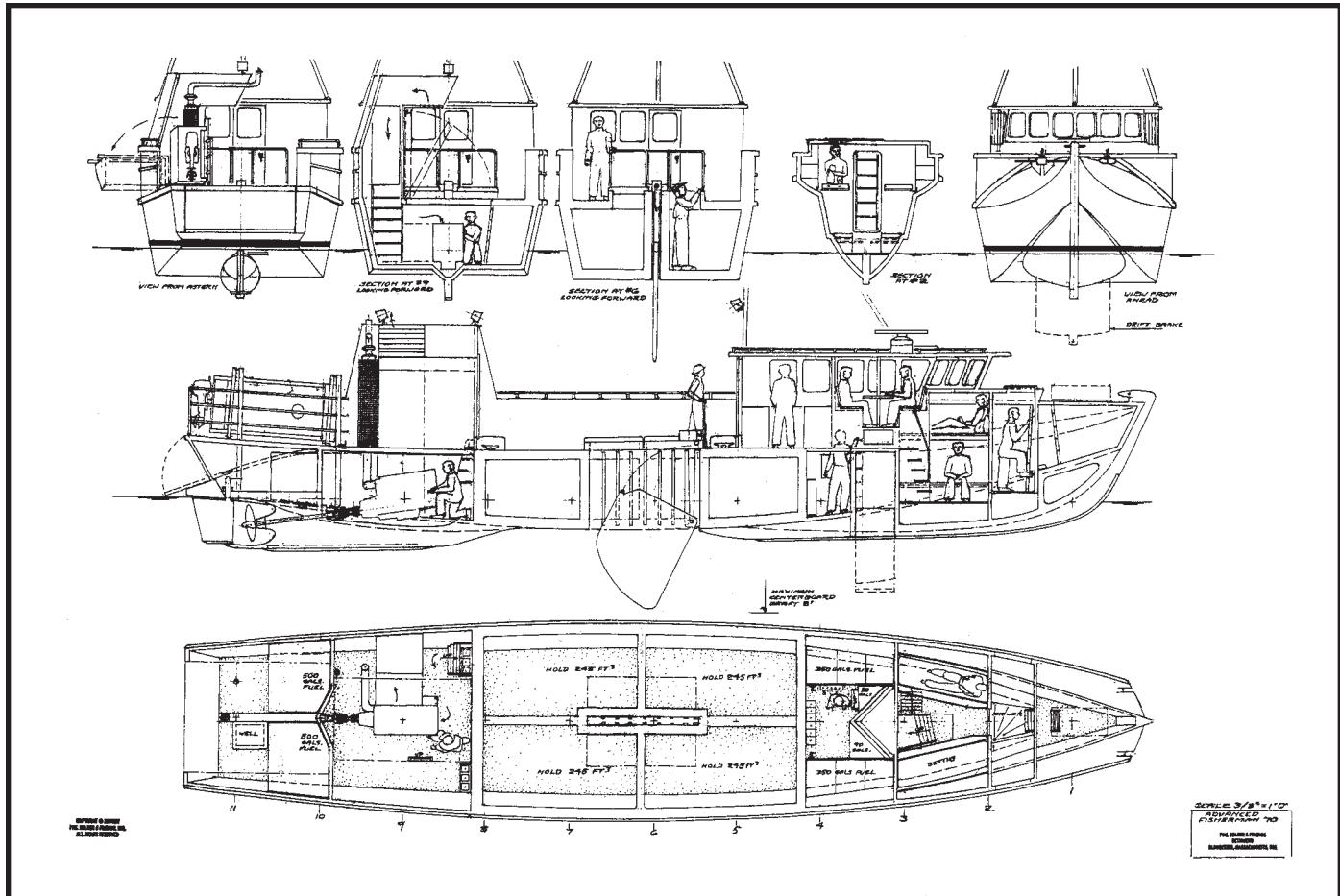
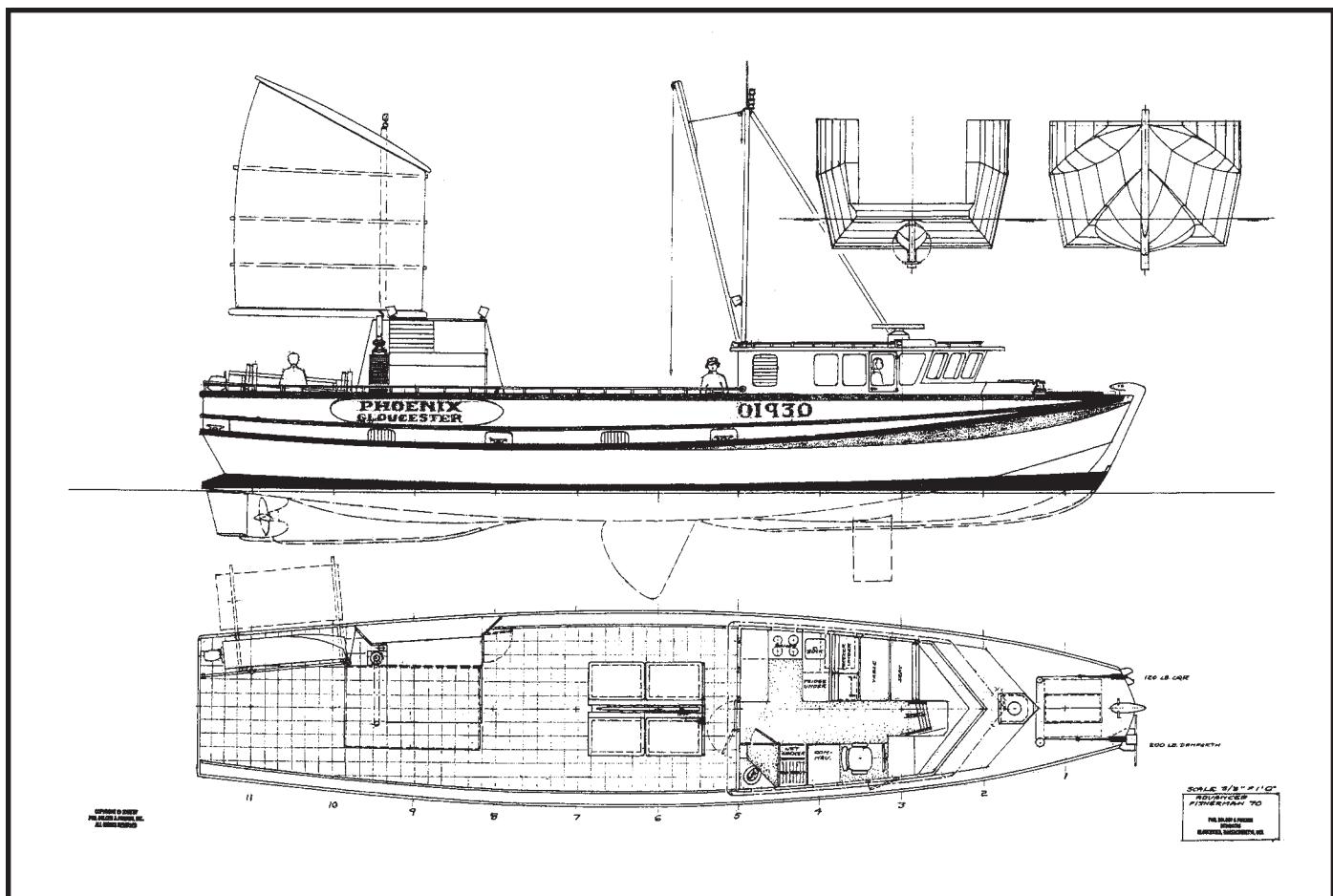


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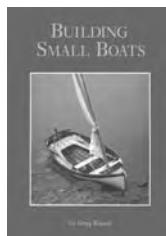
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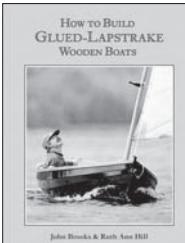
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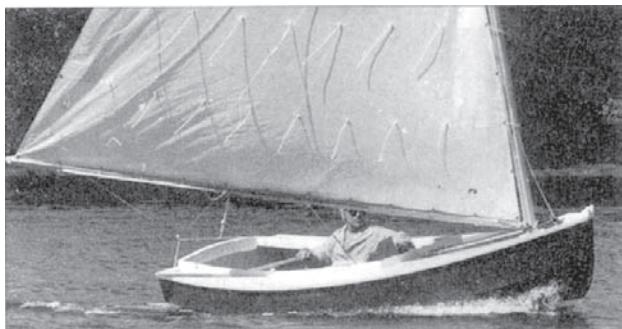


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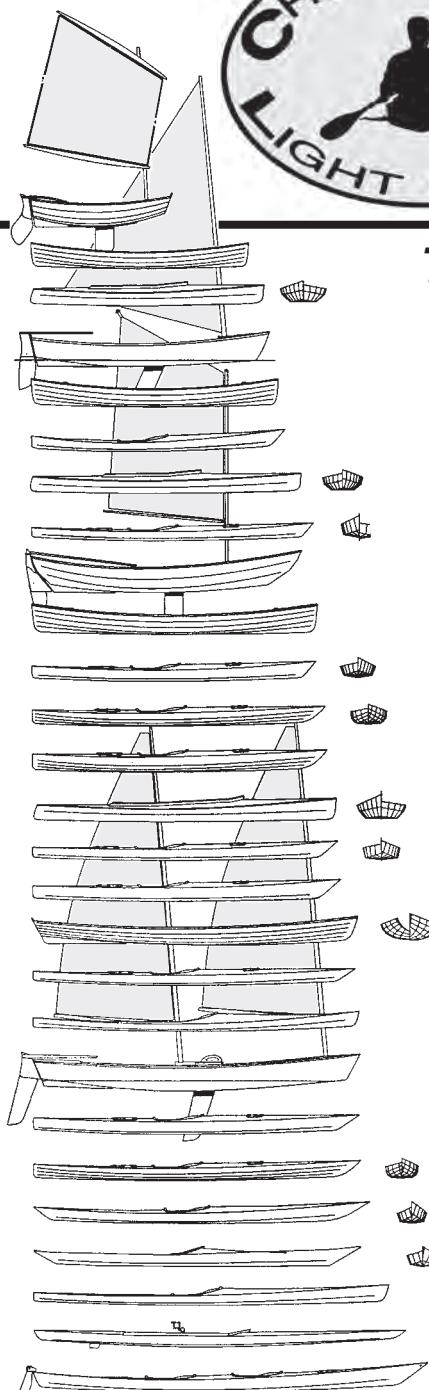
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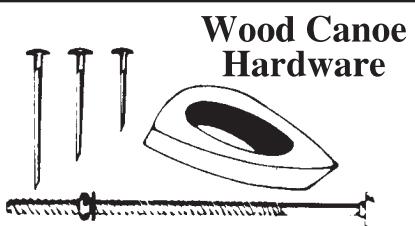


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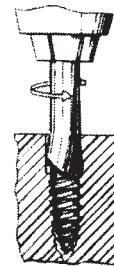
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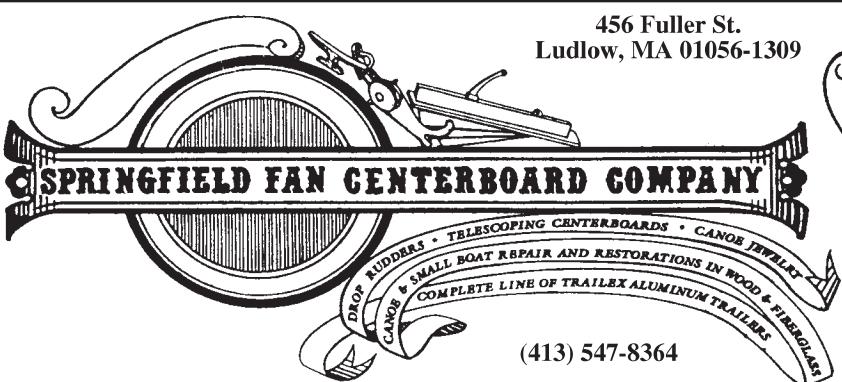
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**Haven 12½' Sailboat**, Joel White's design. Home built, home maintained. Gd shape. Fun to sail. The seller is the builder, so I know everything about the boat. Too much for this ad. Moored in Manchester, MA. Incl spars, sails, all related equipment & trlr. \$5,000. Email johnfiske@comcast.net.net for photos.

JOHN FISKE, Beverly MA, (978) 921-5220 (9)



**16'6" Clark Mills Suncat, '78/'04, #33.** New teak, new rudder, new Bob Johnson sail w/cover, new galv trlr. See MAIB Vol. 22 No. 4 and Vol. 25 No. 5 Cedar Key articles. \$6,500.

GLENN OSOLING, Dunedin, FL, (727) 734-126. (9)

**Nymph Dinghy**, Bolger designed w/custom made, lightweight oars, bronze oarlocks. Professionally built. Light weight easily caroppable. Hull red w/white boot top, blue bottom. Interior varnished. British Board of Trade "Plimsoll" marks on both sides, so that boat can't be overloaded with too many cases of beer or too many groceries. Enjoy a great dinghy for only \$450. See Nymph Dinghy on Google for details. 12' Shellback Rowing & Sailing Dinghy, Joel White design, built 1998 at WoodenBoat School under supervision of Eric Dow, w/added improvements made by present owner. All running rigging is new. Sail is like new. Oars are 7'-6" Shaw & Tenney spoon blade, w/inlaid tips and leathers. Oarlocks are bronze w/safety chains. Trailer is an all aluminum Trailex, Robb White's favorite. Hull white w/green stripe; white painted interior w/varnished mast, rails, seats, dagger board & rudder. Great rowing & sailing dinghy in exc cond. \$3,500 More information and photos at chbenneck@sbcglobal.net

CONBERT H. BENNECK, 164 Carriage Dr., Glastonbury, CT 06033, (860) 633-5351 (8)



**20' Grand Laker Canoe, 44" beam**, incl motor & trailer. Handcrafted Maine classic varnished white cedar planking, ribs. Mahogany transom, inwales, outwales. Ash thwarts, bow breasthook. Pristine condition, dry indoor storage, \$4,500.

STEVE HIRSHBERG, Andover, MA, (978) 807-4339, stevhirsh@comcast.net (8P)



**14' Wood Skiff**, Ken Swan design "Little Gem". Red hull w/light tan interior, 4 yrs old, built by present owner. Miranti marine plywood w/mahogany thwarts & transom, bronze oarlocks (2 rowing stations); recently painted & varnished. Price incl 4yr old galv Load-rite trlr, 4hp 2-stroke Suzuki long shaft ob (w/minimal hrs, mostly fresh water use), spruce oars w/leathers, extra trlr wheel w/galv rim. Danforth anchor & boat cover. A showpiece meticulously cared for. All equipment in exc cond. Health reasons cause for sale. \$4,500obo.

JIM MC QUAIDE, 318 Shore Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556-3237, (207) 882-7239, pnjmcmcquade@yahoo.com (9)



**Bolger Chebacco 20 Cat Yawl**, marine ply, WEST System™, teak rails. By David Montgomery '91. 1 owner, well maintained. New mast, running rigging, sails by Bohndell. Spare main & jib. Fresh paint. Nor'Easter trlr w/new axle & bunks (no rust). 6hp Toshiba 4-stroke long shaft under 10 hrs (heated winter storage). Hvy 10'x20' Acme winter cover, Sunbrella cushions & sail cover. Rebuilt rudder. PFDs, anchor, rode, dock lines, pump, etc. Wired for nav lights. Exc cond, ready to sail. Can be seen @ River Boatworks (Montgomery Boat Yard), Ferry St., Gloucester, MA (1st L after hospital Rt 127N from Rt 128 rotary). \$5,500 obo.

TED RATCLIFF, Gloucester, MA, (978) 283-7581, leave message (9)



**14' Vintage Lapstrake Skiff**, custom built wood hull w/beautiful joinerwork & brass fittings. 14' single axle galv trlr. Perfect to install antique '32 Kermath 5hp inboard water-cooled marine engine w/reverse gear. Package price \$7,000. Will consider selling separately.

CHARLIE GIBSON, Largo, FL, (727) 595-3440. (9)



**Americat 22**, built '71. Designed by Francis Sweisguth. Fast, close winded catboat w/standing headroom & enclosed head. Comfortable family cruiser, great daysailer w/huge cockpit. Scoter was the smallest official "tall ship" in the 2000 NYC OpSail parade. Since purchase in '96 we have done all the operational bits: new standing & running rigging & blocks ('96), teak cabin top handrails ('96), new bronze through hulls & all hoses, etc ('96), VHF radio ('96), all new wiring & electrical panel, dual battery system ('96), midship spring line cleats ('99), new Yanmar 2GM-20F w/3 bladed prop, teak binnacle w/compass, single-lever engine control, folding cockpit table, depth sounder & knot meter (all '00), new mast top antenna ('03), batteries ('04 & '05), new topside paint & lettering ('04), steel cb removed & completely overhauled ('05), custom cockpit awning w/removable sides for complete enclosure ('04), automatic bilge pump ('07). Cosmetics remain: Deck & cabin exterior could use new paint, sail cover & cushions are worn. Many photos at <http://www.kghermancpa.com/Scoter.html> \$18,000.

KATE HERMAN, Hastings on Hudson, NY, (914) 693-6058, kate@kghermancpa.com (7)

**Montgomery** 17, '77, clean in gd working order. New main & working jib by Dabbler Sails; new Yamaha 4hp; hull and topsides recently painted; serviceable trailer w/recent tires & bearing bldies. \$6,500 firm.

JOHN JOHNSON, Colonial Beach, VA, on the Potomac (804) 224-1538, [jajohnbc@verizon.net](mailto:jajohnbc@verizon.net) (9)

**Rhodes Bantam Sailing Dinghy**, needs new, more agile, skipper. Lively, fun-to-sail boat. See WoodenBoat #153 "Relaunches" page for photo & data. New hull, aluminum spars. Spinnaker incl. trlr optional.

JAMES BROTON, 3085 Labore Road, St. Paul, MN 55109-1083, [brote003@umn.edu](mailto:brote003@umn.edu) (9)

**25' Bolger Black Skimmer Yawl**, one of Bolger's favorite designs. Solid boat. Not a project. Good sails. All fittings. Boat ready to go. \$3,500. Located in Portsmouth NH.

P. WATSON, Exeter, NH, (603) (603) 659-6342. (9)

**35' Eastern Interclub Sloop**, designed by Philip Rhodes (Design #518), built by Palmer Johnson '50. Mahogany over oak, bronze fastened. Sitka spruce mast, boom, spinnaker pole. Mainsail, jib, genoa, spinnaker. Flathead 4cyl IB auxiliary engine. Fast! Always a fresh water yacht. Cradle/trlr. \$23,000.

CAPT MILANOWSKI, West MI, (305) 872-4358 (9)

**9.6" Nutshell Sailing/Rowing Pram**, Joel White design. Compl w/sail, wood spars, rudder, daggerboard. Vy gd cond. Exc rower/sailer. Blue/white exterior, floor buff, inside top & seats varnished. Great boat. \$500.

LARS HASSELGREN, Delavan, WI, (262) 728-1974 (9)



Antique 1912 Old Town Canoe, #19337, grade CS, model HW. Unmolested. 17', 3 thwarts, w/original construction order. Lake & barn kept entire life. Woodwork & canvas sound. Paint checked. Seats need caning. 2 original paddles incl. \$1,500 firm.

ANTHONY MORRIS, Box 143, Kimberton, PA 19442, (610) 933-1713, [amorris143@aol.com](mailto:amorris143@aol.com) (9)

**17' Lapstrake Skiff**, cedar plank, oak frame, mahogany transom. Built '06 by Pert Lowell Co., Newbury, MA. 25hp Honda 4-stroke w/50hrs. John Gardner design w/many custom details. Vy gd cond. Asking \$8,500. Original value \$12,000 (receipts). Nds battery & wiring to bilge pump/switch. Incl anchor/rode/100' line, 4 dock lines, 12gal fuel tank/line/filter. May be seen at Pert Lowell boatyard, Newbury, MA.

CALL (978) 500-2635 (9)

**'73 O'Day Sailboat**, #3009, swing keel, full suit of sails, all rigging. No radio, no trlr, no motor. \$1,500 obo.

RALPH JOHNSON, Pert Lowell Co., Newbury, MA, (978) 462-7409 (9)

## BOATS WANTED

Peep Hen, price commensurate w/cond & equipment.

JOE LA GRASSO, Destin, FL, (850) 650-5765 (8)

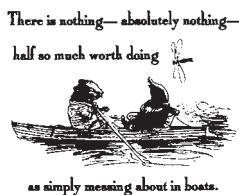
## GEAR FOR SALE

**Matsushita Blades**, we are offering the 36 tooth,  $\frac{7}{4}$ " Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.

BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr, Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)



**NEW! GOT WATER? T-Shirt**, w/all profits going to support The SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in North America. Show your support for these Gentle Giants when you wear this great Scuba Doo Newfie T-Shirt! 100% Heavyweight US made yellow cotton. Large front imprint. Sizes: Medium-XLarge \$17, 2XL \$19. S&H \$4.95 on all orders. Send Check or MO. A. BRIDGE (SH), PO Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579, (207) 442-7237, [norsman@care2.com](mailto:norsman@care2.com) (8)



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**9" Ash Wood Cleats**, matched pair varnished w/stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered. WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835 (TFP)



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CONBERT H. BENNECK, 164 Carriage Dr., Glastonbury, CT 06033, (860) 633-5351 (8)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



**Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak**, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASA for more info. ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (11P)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:** Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, [www.Glen-L.com](http://www.Glen-L.com) (TFP)

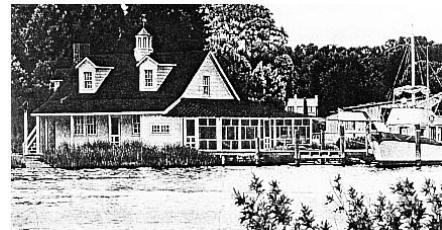
**Robb White & Sons Sport Boat**, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

**3 Old Books, (1870s):** Among the Isles of Shoals by a lighthouse keeper's daughter. West India Pickles, cruise in a "handy little" 95' schooner. The Tour of the World in 80 Days, by Jules Verne. All hardbound, the size of paperbacks, fair to good cond. \$30pp.

WES CRETNEY, Applegate, OR, (541) 846-7582 (8)

## WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT



**Vacation Rental Waterfront**, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk.

LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

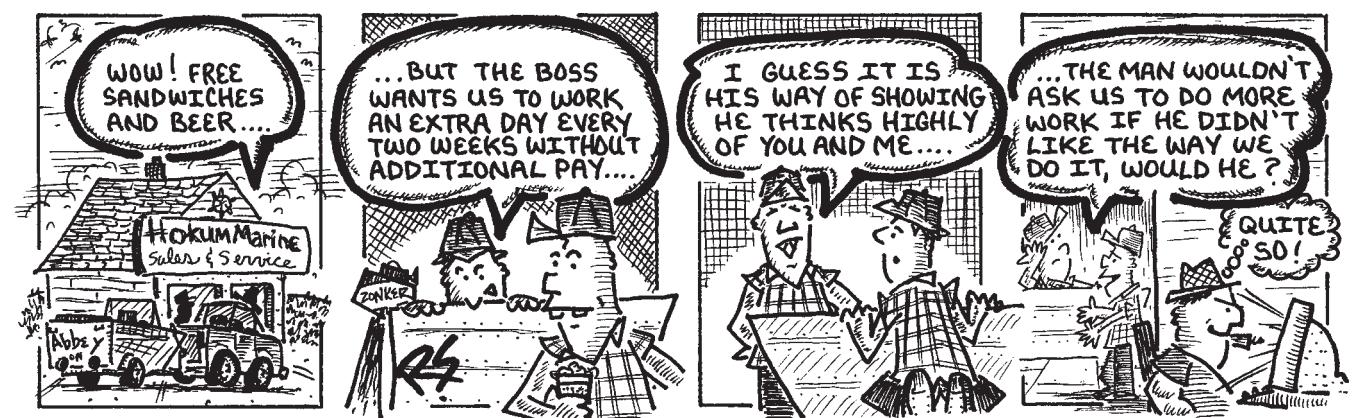
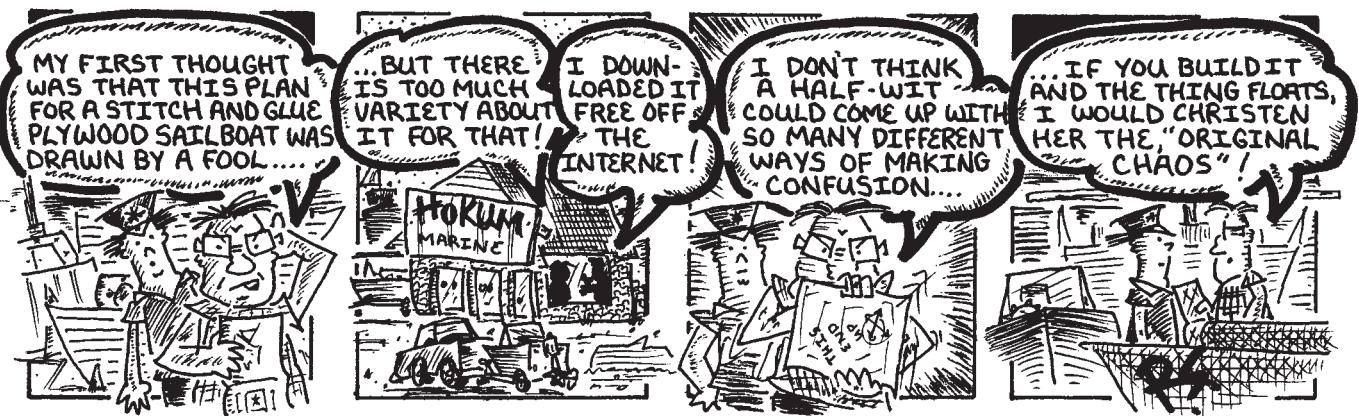
**Loft Efficiency for Rent**, Camden ME. Pristine & private, 4 blocks from harbor, town & small beach. 1 block from farmers' market & YMCA. Single or double occupancy only. No pets. \$500/wk.

BENNET SCHEUER, (207) 236-6402, [bscheuer@hotmail.com](mailto:bscheuer@hotmail.com) (9)



# Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers  
**Down at Hokum Marine**



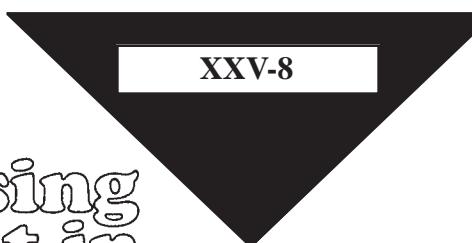


PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926  
[www.adirondack-guide-boat.com](http://www.adirondack-guide-boat.com)

The photo below was taken at the conclusion of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival.... one of our favorite shows (even if it is a bear to drag our boats and bones from Vermont to the northern tip of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State.) If it weren't for the people, the boats, the delicious food, the wonderful weather, the good times and excellent sales we wouldn't bother. The show this year is Sept 7-9. Where reasonable we will offer free delivery across the northern tier of America. The boat in the foreground is one of our Vermont Packboats....now used for camping on Prince William Sound in Alaska.



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